The Centre Reporter.

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NO. 50

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

CHRISTMAS.

Here comes Christmas for the 1885th time—yet all mankind Welcomes the day and every man, woman and child of all Christian lands is glad. All have a peculiar longing for this the greatest of all Holidays, because we know it commemorates the greatest of all events, the giving to mankind the greatest of all Gifts, the child Jesus.

Washington's birth-day, the Fourth of July, Decoration Day—these may all pass away and cease to be observed in ages to come, or from a change in the character of the Republic, but Christmas will go on down to the end of time when the angel Gabriel shall appear to summon all the good to a closer fellowship above, of those who in sincerity of heart hail the coming of Christmas here out of true love and honor of Jesus and gratitude of the Father who gave his only Son that mankind wight be redeemed. What a priceless gift! how unbounded should be a Christian's joy!

Let all cares of the world, all sullenness for once be laid aside, and all put on the genuine garb of happiness and think only of the great event when the star-guided, humble shepherds went to the lonely manger where the Savior was born and whom the wise men of the East came to find. There never was a glorious event like it, there never will be again, until the ransomed gather around the Throne with songs of praise unto the Father and Son.

Christmas! The glad tidings of 1900 years ago are still proclaimed by Christmas! The gift and the promise are as fresh and full and precious and overflowing with fervent Love to us as when Herod sought the child that he might destroy Him.

Peace on earth and good will to men, was the sacred proclamation. Let us reecho it to our neighbor, to the stranger within our gate, to the benighted heathen, to those steeped in sin that they may receive its holy impressions—proclaim it over and over again to all. Do this now amid and throughout our Christmas festivities with such a will that it will roll on in reverberation until started anew with the advent of the next Christmas.

Let there be music and song and praise and giving of gifts and rejoicing in Christian commemoration of the birth of the Savior—these are fitting, and duties full of joyousness.

There is a singular charm about Christmas. The babe that has learned to lisp the name of "mother" longs for Christmas. The lad and lass have pleasant dreams of it long before coming of the festival. Men and women look for it with pleasure. It is the occasion of joy above all others, hence all lisp it, dream of it, and look forward with longing for its coming.

Christmas! well, the REPORTER wishes all its readers the merriest Christmas. May they all live to read the wish again, repeated in 1885 and 1886 and 1887, and farther on.

Upwards of 2000 Christmases have passed—none of us have seen half of them, 'tis true, and let us not fret over that, but ask the blessedness of living to see many future Christmases. Christmas comes but once a year. Let us hope you, readers, may all get to Heaven, there they have Christmas all the time.

* * *

It did not hurt the state any to have a Democratic governor. There is a surplus in the treasury now of one million dollars. The report of the financial officers of the state announce the payment during the fiscal year ending November 30, of $684,000 of the state's debt, the money being used in the redemption of state bonds. The report of the auditor general and the state treasurer announce that the revenues of the state during the past year were $6,226,959.38, a decrease of $548,479.81 compared with the last preceding year, and that the expenditures were $7,643,912.30. The fact should be taken into account that of the expenditures there were $1,700,000 paid out for government bonds, which are still held, and on which the state draws interest, and $684,000 of the state debt was paid, payment of a considerable sum of interest being thereby stopped. There are almost $1,000,000 in the treasury, and the condition of the treasury is better than it has ever been before.

* * *

Jay Gould predicts a business boom in 1885. What reasons he has he don't say, but what he does say is this:

I believe that after the first of January we shall begin a new era. I think that the year 1885 will be a money-making year. The balance of the trade of the world is now in our favor. Foreign nations are buying of us more than we are of them. They are paying us the difference in hard gold coin. Millions of this reaches us on every incoming steamer.

END OF THE WORLD.

The Adventists have issued a proclamation that on January 4, 1885, according to calculations based on scripture revelation, the world is to come to an end. This leaves little time to settle up business, and puts a veto on the New Orleans exposition, and obviates all necessity for storing up ice unless some expect to go where it is exceedingly warm and may think a big chunk of "water fast asleep" may come handy. It is well that the end predicted does not come on January 1, for that would knock the head off of 1885, and men who are in the habit squaring their accounts with the beginning of the year, might find mother earth too shaky to make things even, and those little bills would have to "stand" and "run."

If this here world is to stop wagging January 4, and will come to an end on that identical day, will the Republican press *afterwards* attribute the calamity to the election of Cleveland? shouldn't wonder. The newspaper offices, of course, will have to be spared, so all can get an account of the biggest racket ever had.

What will become of the 4th of March and Cleveland's inauguration, and all-fool's-day, and the 4th of July and the Washington monument?

Let Cleveland announce his cabinet, at least before January 4, 1885, pepole will then have some satisfaction for the pending sudden taking off.

All persons who subscribe for the REPORTER before January 4, will not need pay for it if the aforesaid circus comes off on schedule time. And here's a merry Christmas and happy New Year, perhaps for the last time, to all.

3,000,000 ACRES LEASED FOR ONE CENT AN ACRE.

On 17th, in the Senate, Senator Dawes presented a petition which was referred to the committee on Indian affairs, asking that steps be taken to prohibit the carrying into effect of a lease for grazing purposes on the Crow Indian reservation, made with the Indians by a syndicate of capitalists and cattle men. Mr. Dawes said it was rumored that a lease of 3,000,000 acres had been made at the price of one cent an acre. He had been surprised that no information of such a lease existed in the Interior Department. In order to quiet the apprehensions of the people of Montana he would state that no such lease could legally exist without the sanction or approval of the Secretary of the Interior, and it did not seem possible to Mr. Dawes that the Secretary could sanction such a lease.

Mr. Vest said he had offered a resolution, which the Senate had agreed to, calling on the Interior Department for information as to such lease, but no reply had been made. It was extraordinary, he thought, that a transaction involving 3,000,000 acres of Indian lands be published in the press without attracting the notice of the Interior Department. Subsequently Mr. Dawes offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for all information in his possession.

* * *

Governor Pattison has issued his proclamation setting forth that during the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, $684,500 of the State debt has baen paid. The unexpended balance in the State treasury is almost $1,000,000. The receipts of the year ending Nov. 30, were $6,226,959.38, and the expenditures $7,643,813.30 but the latter includes the payment of $884,000 of the principal of the State debt and purchase of $1,700,000 United States bonds, on which the state draws interest. Deducting the $1,700,000 paid for Government bonds and the $684,000 paid to redeem maturing debt from the $7,643,913.30 expenditures, the ordinary current charges are seen to be only about $5,360,000. The State's financial condition is, therefore, really very good.

* * *

The Reagan substitute for the Inter-State Commerce bill before the House, from the Committee on Commerce was adopted by a vote of 143 to 97. The prominent feature of the committee bill was its provision for a commission. The Reagan bill does away with the commission and goes straight to the mark by affixing a penalty for unreasonable charges, prohibiting discrimination unconditionally and forbidding a greater price for a shorter than a longer haul. The substitute was considered for amendment after its adoption in lieu of the Committee bill. It matters little what the House may do, as the Senate at present constituted will never pass the bill.

* * *

Judge Krebs, of Clearfield county, has made it incumbent on the applicant for license to swear to the facts as set forth in his application, and at least three of the signers who recommend the granting of license, are required to testify under oath, that the facts set forth in the petition are true and correct.

* * *

Blaine denies that he was interviewed. Well, at all events, he can't deny he was weighed and found wanting on Nov. 4.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

One of our poets very happily puts it that—

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> But when it comes it brings good cheer."

and, as the English are noted as a people who are fond of the good things of this world, it is to be expected that at the season of the year when there is the greatest rejoicing in families, that there is—should be—not only an abundance of good things, but that there should be special dishes set aside for the occasion. In the way of eating, the most noticeable are naturally the "Roast Beef of Old England" and the Christmas plum-pudding.

In the Middle ages the baron of beef, consisting of two sirloins, was one of the chief attractions of the festive boards, and the legend of the Knighthood of the Loin by Charles II., however apocryphal as a matter of fact, has sufficient authenticity to make one not too uneasy in accepting the tradition.

Plum pudding was not known till toward the latter part of the seventeenth century, though something very much like it had been a favorite dish for a lengthened period.

In addition to these staple dishes the boar's head is a very ancient Christmas repast, and at Queen's College, Oxford, is or was until very recently, brought to the table with great pomp and ceremony, being accompanied by the singing of an ancient Latin coral announcing its arrival. Game pies were also a favorite addition, and the peacock was brought into requisition as being not only rare but toothsome, as well as ornamental. Stripped of his skin with the feathers on, he was converted by culinary art into a succulent pie, which was covered with the skin and feathers, the tail being spread out and the beak guilded.

Mince, or more properly "shred," pies have long been associated with Christmas, and were originally much larger than at present. Turkeys, since their introduction during the first half of the sixteenth century, geese, ducks, and even swans, have also formed relishable additions to Christmas fare; brawn may also be mentioned, though not at present in request, and of course poultry in the shape of "good fat capons."

The drinking customs of Christmas originated with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, with whom *waes hael* or "wassail," answered to the present "good health." The story which attributes the origin of the wassail bowl to the fair Lady Rowena, the daughter of Prince Vortigern, who by her winning ways took captive her proud conqueror, is graceful enough to be true, and has, perhaps, some foundation in fact, but the custom was long anterior. Some of these wassail bowls or loving cups curiously wrought in the middle ages are still extant, and when brought forward on grand occasions at the banquets of city companions or colleges at the old universities are the theme of general admiration for their beauty and splendor.—London *Reader.*

* * *

"The Last Message to the House of Israel" is the title of a circular which is being distributed, and a copy of which has been received by us. It is from the pen of A. J. Rawson, pastor of a Chicago church. It concludes that on January 4, 1885, the world will surely come to an end, and advises the people to prepare for the great event.

* * *

The colored people are going to hold a world's exposition in Chicago, next September. There will be much darkness about it, no doubt, and the exhibit of ivory and chalk won't be mean. Still the white folks should give it every encouragement and patronize it well.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A MANIAC.

Seymour, Conn., Dec. 17.—A passenger train was derailed and wrecked several weeks ago on the Naugatuck road thro' the negligence of Willis A. Kane, who was discharged with a reprimand, the Superintendent saying: "You should be more careful." The remark was repeated by Kane's associates and finally became a sort of by-word whenever he appeared. It preyed upon the poor man and he finally lost his reason, and until his death, which occurred yesterday, he was a raving maniac, imagining he was tending switches, operating the breaks, wildly waving his signals, frequently calling out "Change cars," and just before he expired he fancied that he had been crushed by a train passing over him. His contortions were horrible and it required the combined services of three strong men to hold him down. "There's the train!" he finally shrieked, and as he fell back from his struggle he was a corpse.

A MINE CAVES IN.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 17.—Another cave-in occurred this morning at No. 11 mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Co., known as the Lance Colliery, at Playmouth. Three acres of land sunk nearly five feet. One house was wrecked, but nobody was injured. The cave-in took place in the southwestern portion of the mine, and is supposed to have been caused by a lack of propping after the robbing of the pillars of coal left to protect the surface from falling.

* * *

Get us one new subscriber and $2.50 and pay us $2.50 in advance for yourself, and both will get the "N. Y. Weekly World" and the "Reporter" 1 year. tf

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.

The holidays are close upon us, says the *Times*, and there are signs of festivity and enjoyment in every home circle that is blessed with plenty. It is right that all should enjoy the holidays if possible. Old people should renew their youth; the middle aged should bless the happy present and hopeful future, and the young should have pleasure in abundance.

But one of the truest and most enduring sources of pleasure should not be forgotten in the general enjoyment of the holidays. The cheerful giver has a fountain of happiness that is denied to the sordid and uncharitable, and the pleasure of giving to the children of sorrow be one of the chief causes of holiday pleasures. It will not only bring a generous return of happiness to give freely of abundance to the poor, but the children who look with such impatience for Christmas will be happily taught one of the most important duties as well as one of the greatest blessings of life. Yet the young enjoy the sweet rewards of charity as the brightest jewel of their holiday blessings.

Bleak winter has come upon us just on the threshold of the holidays as if to remind us of the duty to enjoy the pleasure of generous giving. The children of want and sorrow have been sorely tried by the cold winter of the last few days. They have no protection against the biting frost, and thousands of men, women, and children in this city have greatly suffered while the people of the happy homes of plenty have been generously shopping for the holidays. Do not stop the work of making home happy for Christmas; but let the happiness of every home be multiplied by liberal remembrance of the poor. It is not only a duty, but it is a pleasure to all who fulfill it, and it is obedience to the command of Him who loves the cheerful giver and reminds us that of all good qualities, the greatest is charity.

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREES.

Christmas trees and evergreens in connection with the celebration of Christmas are traced in the "Antequetates Curiosae" (1819,) to the very dawn of christendom. Tradition says that the first Christian church in Britain was built of boughs, and that the disciples directed this to be done to attract the notice of the people, because the monks had built temples of this description in imitation of the temples of Saturn, which were in every instance constructed under the branches of the oak tree. The great feast of Saturn was held in December, and as the oaks were then leafless, the monks required the people to bring in boughs of evergreens, and Christians adopted same custom on the 25th of December, the usage surviving to the present day.

DETAILS OF A FRUSTRATED PLAN TO ASSASSINATE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Leipsic, Dec. 16.—The name of the anarchists, besides Reinsdorf and Bachmann, whose trial was begun yesterday for attempting to cause an explosion at the unveiling of the Neiderwald monument to Germany, are Kuechlen, Rupsch, Holzhauer, Soehugen, Rheinbach and Toellner. The trial will last a week. Four counsel are employed for the defense. Rupsch has confessed that Reinsdorf ordered him to fire the mine. This consisted of a large stone jar and a glass bottle filled with dynamite and furnished with percussion caps. To these a fuse was attached and the whole placed in a drain which crossed the road about ten minutes' walk from Neiderwald. He was ordered to fire the train when the Emperor William's carriage was fifty feet distant from the drain by applying a lighted cigar to the end of the fuse placed at the side of the roadway.

Rupsch asserted that he was unwilling to effect the explosion and only applied an unlighted cigar. Kuechlen upbraided Rupsch for his failure and the latter gave as an explanation of the failure that the fuse was wet and failed to light. Kuechlen then told Rupsch to place a new tinder in the fuse, and explode the mine when the Emperor was returning. Rupsch returned to the drain, fastened a fresh tinder to the fuse, but cut the fuse two metres from the charge.

When the emperor returned to the proper spot Rupsch applied the burning cigar to the fuse and walked away. Kuechlen was very angry at the second failure. When the road was clear of people he removed the dynamite to the grand pavilion at Rudesheim, where the consert was in progress. Kuechlen thereupon sneaked away, and Rupsch exploded the dynamite ten paces from the pavilion and ran away. He declares he only wished to see the unveiling of the monument.

HOW TO GET A PUBLIC OFFICE

There are one hundred and twenty thousand offices within the gift of the new administration, and now is the time for those seeking public employment to take proper steps to secure one of these lucrative positions. To this end the "United States Blue Book" will prove an indispensable guide and assistant. The "Blue Book" is a register of all Federal offices and employments in each State and Territory, the District of Columbia and abroad, with their salaries, emoluments and duties, shows who is eligible for appointment, the civil service rules, questions asked at examinations, how to make an application and how to push it to success, and gives besides a vast amount of important and valuable information relative to government positions never before published.

Send 75 cents to J. H. Soule, Publisher, Washington, D. C., and secure a copy of the "Blue Book." Agents wanted.

A MONDERFUL NEW SUBSTANCE.

Paraffine wax has to-day no successful rival for the the insulation of electric wire, and the growth of the demand for this purpose keeps pace with the marvellous growth of the electric lighting system. A single Chicago concern buys paraffine wax by the car load. Its price is but half that of beeswax. The demand for paraffine for candles as yet heads the list. Then comes the needs of the paper consumers. In 1877 a single firm in New York handled 14,000 reams of waxed paper. This year their trade will be 350,000 reams. Not only for wrapping candy is this paper invaluable, but fine cutlery, hardware, etc., encased in waxed paper is safe from the encroachment of rust or dampness. Fish and butter and a score of other articles are also thus wrapped, and there seems literally no end to the uses found for the paper saturated with this pure hydro-carbon. In the chemists' labratory it is invaluable as a coating for acticles exposed to all manner of powerful dissolvents; brewers find it a capital thing for coating the interior of barrels, and the maker of wax flowers simulates nature in sheets of paraffine.

No fairer substance ever sprung from most unpromising parentage than the snowy, pure, tasteless, opalescent wax which is evolved from the loud smelling, pitchy dregs of the petroleum still. This comely, impressionable article, with all its smooth soft beauty, defies agents which can destroy the precious metals and eat up the hardest steel as water dissolves sugar. Sulphuric and other potent acids have no more effect on ozokerite than spring water. It is alike impervious to acid and to moisture. Its advent seems to have been a spcial dispensation in this age of electricity.

Every overhead electric light cable, or underground conduit, or slender wire, cunningly wrapped with cotton thread; all these owe their fitness for conducting the subtile fluid to the presence of this wax. And in still more familiar forms let us outline the utility of this substance. Every gushing school girl who sinks her white teeth into chewing gum chews this paraffine wax. Every caramel she eats ocontains this wax and is wrapped in paper saturated with the same substance. The gloss seen upon hundreds of varieties of confectionery is due to the presence of this ingredient of petroleum, used to give the articles a certain conistency, as the laundress uses starch. So that a product taken from the dirtiest, worst smelling of tarts finds its way to the millionaire's mansion, an honored servitor. It aids to make possible the electric radiance that floods the room; or, in the form of wax candles, sheds a softer lustre over the scene. It polishes the floor for the feet of his guests and it melts in their mouths in the costliest candies.—Independent Record.

HE WENT TO RUIN BEFORE THE COUNTRY.

Rushville, Ind., Dec. 19.—Last night Durk Groves, a prosperous farmer living near Falmouth, Rush county, committed suicide by hanging in his barn. Ever since the presidential election Groves had imagined that the country will go to ruin and that he would lose all his property.

HE COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT HER.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—This afternoon Policeman Mackowski on being informed that his wife who was ill could not recover, went out and killed himself. His wife expired a few minutes later.

DIAMONDS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

Perhaps there has been more intrigue and bloodshed on account of the famous Oriental diamond, "Great Mogul," than any other. It originally weighed 787 carats, but by cutting was reduced to 279. It was apparently the highest aim of every reigning potentate in Asia to place that gem in his crown. Famous intriguers had carte blanche from their sovereigns to get it at any cost. Finally the Tartars, under Nadir Shah, invaded the civilized country and captured it and about $400,000,000 in treasure beside. That was a century and more ago, but not a word has been heard of the Great Mogul since. It is supposed, however, that it is in one of the obscure fortresses of Asia Minor. Diligent search is kept up, and when it is found there will be sharp competition between royalty and shoddy as to who gets it. Russian potentates have always wished to make a greater show of wealth than any others. The thrones of all the Russians are miracles of wealth. The throne of the Empress is completely covered with plates of gold and contains 1,500 rubies and 8,000 turquoises, besides many other rare and costly gems. The throne of the Czar, known as the diamond throne, is truly a marvel. In it are set over 4,000 diamonds of the first water. It is generally conceded that Russia possesses more precious stones than any other nation, a majority of which were procured at the expense of blood. The jewels in the Cathedral of Moscow alone are valued at $12,000,000. The great Orloff diamond, for which Count Orloff paid $450,000 and $20,000 a year to the seller for life and a title of nobility, was a bloody gem, it having been the prize at stake in several skirmishes. The Shah was another gem on whose very facet could have been written a bloody story of which it was the hero.

* * *

"How is it, Fogg, that you are always advising everybody to marry, and yet you show no hurry about taking a wife yourself?" Fogg: "Because, my boy, I'm too much of a gentleman to help myself until everybody else is supplied."

LAID DOWN IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.

Peoria, Ill., December 15.—As the east bound Chicago, Burlington and Quincy passenger train passed through Elmwood this morning J. P. Reagan, aged thirty-five, deliberately laid down on the track with his neck on the rail. The train passed over and beheaded him. He leaves a family.

* * *

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

TRYING TO CONVERT ABE BUZZARD.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 16.—Several ministers and others on the Welsh mountains have started revival meetings hoping to convert Abe Buzzard and his mountain banditti. A band of thirteen boys, aged between 8 and 10 have been discovered systematically robbing stores, factories and residences.

* * *

☞ The Reporter and the New York Weekly World, to three new subscribers, clubbing with one of our present subscribers, at $2.35 per year in advance.

KILLED HIS SWEETHEART AND THEN HIMSELF.

Cheyenne, Wy., Dec. 16.—Boneto Duran shot Mrs. Adela Sanchez here to-day, and then shot and killed himself. Mrs. Sanchez and husband came here from Colorado six months ago. The husband was employed on a sheep ranch. Duran, who worked as a herder on a neighboring ranch, was on intimate terms with the family, and in love with Mrs. Sanchez. He came to town last night, and it is thought that this morning tried to induce Mrs. Sanchez to elope with him. She declined, and he shot her through the back, the ball perforating the right lung. Death is expected at any moment. Both were Mexicans.

* * *

An old subscriber of the REPORTER, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the REPORTER and the "Weekly World" 1 year.

CHRISTMAS ITEMS

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

o

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

o

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

o

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

o

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

o

Guggenheimers is the only exclvsive leather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

* * *

All dry goods purchasers presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

* * *

It is in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it, then take the empty bottle back to your dealer and get your money.

Sold at Murrays.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

Best and Cheapest.

TWO WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

AND THE BEST DAILY AT LOW RATES.

The "Harrisburg Weekly Patriot" is a large 8-page sheet and contains a greater variety of reading matter than any other paper published. It is newsy, spicy, instructive and entertaining. The subscription price of the "Weekly Patriot" is $1 per annum cash in advance.

CLUBBING.

The Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly Sun will be sent to any address, post paid, 1 year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the New York Weekly World to any address, post paid, for one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Saturday Record, post paid, one year for $1.90; the Weekly Patriot and the Philadelphia Weekly Times, post paid, one year for $1.85. In all cases the cash must accompany the order.

THE DAILY PATRIOT

is the only paper published at the state capital; the only morning paper outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg that gets the complete Associated Press news, and that has a general system of special telegrams; and the only daily that reaches the interior towns of Pennsylvania before the Philadelphia and New York papers. The Daily Patriot has been greatly improved in all its departments within the last six months and is now equal in all respects and superior in some to the dailies of the larger cities. Price by mail $6 per annum in advance (or $7 if not paid in advance); $3 for 6 months, in advance; $1.50 for 3 months, in advance; to clubs of five $5 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten $4.50 per copy per annum. The Daily Patriot and the Philadelphia Daily Record (Sunday edition excepted) will be sent one year to any address for $8 cash in advance. Send for specimen copies of the Daily and Weekly Patriot. In remitting money for subscription send post office money order, check or draft. Address,

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.,
17dec3t 320 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

ESTRAY—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Oct. 1, a brindle heifer about two years old, with nick cut out of left ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.

WM. LOSE,
3dec3t Gregg twp.

WOULD WE BE WILLING.

Would we be willing, if the summons came
To countermarch this life, to live the same
Once more?
Say pain and joy, and poverty and wealth,
Good days and dark days, illness and health,
Lived o'er?

The new life just as the old one had been;
To find like friendship and the viler men,
As yesterday?
And would it pay? Life, like a play,
Is relished as we go, from day to day—
But stay!

Not many a play is worthy of recall;
The actors one by one come on, and curtains fall:
They go away;
And shifting scenes, and music long and drear
Grates on the listener's weary ear.
We dread the play!

And so, as children tire of toys and sleep,
At the close of life comes less and less to keep
Us here alway.
And then so many that have gone before,
And carried hopes to a brighter shore,
Are saying come!

Those absent long, with anxious gaze,
Leading and lighting the darkest ways,
Would call us home.
Would we be willing to refuse their prayer?
Ah, no! Some day we'll greet them there—
Some day!

THE SECRETARY'S CRIME.

When Morris Irvin became sole heir of his deceased father's vast estate he was a delicate young man of twenty-two. He had inherited his father's frail organization, and the family physician gravely averred that the young heir had a more slender hold on life than even his father had, who lived to the age of forty-two, an age, the doctor stated, Morris would probably never reach. But the hopeful young fellow did not appear to possess such gloomy forebodings in regard to his future; he looked forward, as youth will, to a long and happy life, and made preparations.

Among his numerous friends there was one with whom he really appeared to be infatuated; one who had but to ask a favor of him to have it granted. This person was a young man named Harvey Clarke, a gay, handsome and very intelligent fellow of about Morris' own age.

But the more staid citizen did not approve of this fellowship, for Harvey was not an exemplary youth, and his many mad pranks frequently shocked them. However, when they advised Morris to cut loose from Harvey, the young heir laughed them to scorn.

"What!" he exclaimed in derision, "shake so good a fellow as Clarke? Why I would as soon cast aside my father's fortune. No, no, Harvey Clarke and I sail in the same boat, and when it sinks we will go down together, and to prove that I mean what I say I shall take him with me to Europe in a month or two and install him as my confidential secretary as well as friend of my bosom."

True to his word, Morris did take the young scapegrace with him a month later on an extended European tour, to the disgust ot those worthy citizens of Germantown.

Morris had turned nearly all his real estate into available funds, and placed these into the hands of his trusty lawyer, George Sharpless, a man whom his father had employed to attend to his legal matters during his lifetime, and no more upright and trustworthy man could be found in all Germantown than this same George Sharpless.

The lawyer, too, disapproved of Harvey Clarke, and advised the young heir to drop him, but it was all of no avail. Morris was very obstinate in this matter, and would listen to nothing of the kind, therefore, Mr. Sharpless resignedly yielded the point, yet secretly kept a close watch on Clarke's movements while he remained in the vicinity.

But when he learned that Morris intended to take the young man with him to Europe, he once more entered a protest, and came near quarreling with his young patron, therefore he ceased his importunities, hoping for the best, yet fearing the worst.

A year passed and Morris wrote frequently to Mr. Sharpless, and in each letter he lauded the young man Clarke, who was, he said, of so much use to him in strange lands, so self-possessed, so courageous and cool in time of peril.

"That is just it," dryly remarked the lawyer. "Cool and self-possessed. The very qualities an unscrupulous person may make use of to the detriment of one less so. I fear me, Morris will some day pay dearly for his imprudence," he added with a dubious shake of the head.

Once, in a letter to Mr. Sharpless, Morris dwelt upon the fact that a sojourn in Italy was highly beneficial to his health, that he was daily growing stronger, so much so, in fact, that he would surprise his acquaintances on his return.

"Perhaps so," was the lawyer's dubious mental remark. "Possibly you will surprise yourself as well, or at least be surprised yourself."

What the lawyer meant by this ambiguous remark was not very plain, nor did he attempt to explain the meaning when asked to do so by an intimate friend to whom he had made the same remark.

"You may understand it some day without any explanation from me," he said, with a quiet smile, and more he would not say on the subject.

Eighteen months wore away and still Morris remained abroad.

Lawyer Sharpless was really glad to hear that the young man had physically improved, and longed to see him; but there were other changes in Morris which he did not like. He had managed of late to frequent gambling places and lost considerable sums, too, judging by the frequent request for remittances.

Mr. Sharpless suspected that Clarke was at the bottom of this possibly he reaped a fair percentage of the money thus lost. In a word, he believed that Clarke had entered into a conspiracy with some sharpers to fleece his master for their mutual benefit.

This suspicion may have been wrong, and Mr. Sharpless admitted that it might be, but his estimate of Clarke was of such a character that he would believe anything bad of him. Besides, the lawyer was a man of violent prejudices, and young Clarke came in for a share.

Mr. Sharpless wrote a letter of remonstrance to Morris, imploring him to abjure the gaming table, and resume his hitherto moral course of life. He abstained from disparaging Clarke since it was so distasteful to the young heir, and therefore conveyed no hint of his suspicions against the young man.

Nevertheless, he resolved to either separate them or guard the young man against Clarke's evil designs, if any such existed, and to accomplish that he secretly sent a trusty friend, at his own expense, to Europe to look after the young men and watch over the interests of Morris Irvin if they so required.

He awaited with considerable anxiety the first letter from this friend, Jacob Beard, and sincerely hoped that Clarke was not as bad as he feared he was.

The letter came at last, and its contents allayed his fears. The two young fellows were then sojourning in Rome, the man wrote, and conducted themselves uniformly well. If there were gaming places in the "Eternal City," he said, Morris did not frequent any to his certain knowledge. He was apparently in robust health, but looked quite as feminine as usual, being rather slenderly built and of diminutive stature, otherwise he appeared to possess strong vitality, and took considerable exercise, always in company with Clarke, who, be it said to his credit, appeared to be devoted to his master, if one may judge by his manners.

Now, while the above letter had a soothing effect on Mr. Sharpless' mind, a letter shortly after from Morris himself had a negative one. He wanted more funds. He did not say for what purpose, but he wanted money. The mere fact of his wanting cash was not so startling in itself, for then was plenty and to spare to the young heir's credit; but only a month before he had asked for a large sum, and now he wanted a still larger.

In fact, with each request the amount increased. That is what rather staggered the attorney. What did it mean? he asked himself.

In the next letter to Jacob Beard he urged him to endeavor to ascertain how Morris managed to get rid of such large sums in such a comparatively short period, since he no longer gambled.

The answer was rather a perplexing one. Beard had beenvery vigilant, he wrote, and he failed to discover the mode used to spend those large sums. He had made cautious inquiries among Morris' acquaintances, and all, with one accord, attested to the young man's steady habits and moral conduct. He and his friend, they said, frequently drove about the city in a carriage, visiting the places of interest, and for a wealthy young man Mr. Irvin was decidedly modest in his desires.

Doctor Hatfield called on the lawyer one day and said that he contemplated taking a trip to Europe, to recuperate his health.

"I wish you could be prevailed upon to call on Morris and see how he is," observed the lawyer, in great solicitude.

"I shall certainly do so if you give me his address," was the prompt response.

"He is in Rome at present," the lawyer said.

"All right, I'll call on him and judge for myself in regard to his physical state. He may believe himself restored to health," the doctor reflectively observed, "but I shall be the better judge of that. I do not think he has the stamina to become a robust man; he is even more delicate than his father was at his age, and he was ill for ten years before he died. If Morris lives to see his thirtieth year I am no judge of symptoms, let me tell you."

"Well, go and see him, and send your report as speedily as possible for I am exceedingly anxious on his account," Mr. Sharpless rejoined.

The doctor went, and instead of writing a letter from Rome he sent this somewhat startling telegram:

"I saw Harvey Clarke and a man resembling Morris Irvin, but not Irvin himself. Will write particulars."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the good man of law. "What can it mean? Is there really a conspiracy afoot, different from what I had suspected? In that case my suspicions against Clarke increased ten-fold."

How eagerly Mr. Sharpless now waited the doctor's letter. That it would bring startling intelligence he felt assured, and he grew almost nervous in his suspense.

The substance of Doctor Hatfield's letter was just this: He had seen a person calling himself Morris Irvin, and Clarke was with him. But the doctor declared that it was not Morris, and to confirm this belief the young man did not recognize him when they met. What had become of the young man could only be conjectured, and the doctor really belived that Irvin had died at some place in Europe, and the audacious secretary, Clarke, had secured a sustitute for some secret purpose.

Mr. Sharpless sent a cable reply, and instructed the doctor to go at once to Scotland Yard, London, and secure a couple of detectives to investigate the matter.

This was done, and in the meanwhile the lawyer set out for Rome. Reaching that city, he and the doctor met and had a long, private conversation, during which they marked out the course they intended to pursue.

Both gentlemen managed to see the young man while Clarke was not near, and the lawyer at once pronounced him an impostor, nor did the fellow recognize him.

A "spotter" of the detective hovered in the vicinity to keep an eye on the fraud while the detective was absent on a "voyage of discovery" to trace the movements of the young men prior to the appointment of a substitute.

Several days after Mr. Sharpless had arrived in Rome, the detective, Harry Clive, joined him and announced that he had traced the movements of the young men from the day they landed in England up to the present, and could not discover any "crookedness" in their actions; that the person calling himself Morris Irvin had presumably a right to that name.

"But, my dear sir," cried the perplexed lawyer, with some anger, "this fellow is not the son of my old patron, Mr. Irvin; of that, I am most positive. Why the rascal gave no sign of recognition when I was in his presence, a proof that he did not know me, and the idea of Morris Irvin not knowing me is simply preposterous—I, who have known him from his infancy."

The detective was deeply impressed by the lawyer's words, and after a few moments' reflection he suggested that they (the doctor, Mr. Sharpless and himself) call on the young man and announce their names.

This was assented to, for the lawyer saw that such a movement would terminate in a denouncement, if not in an explanation of the mystery.

They selected the hour after dinner as the most suitable, and found the impostor alone in his room at a modest inn. They sent up fictitious names and entered his presence.

He gave one glance at the trio then uttered an exclamation, his gaze resting on the face of the detective as he did so.

The gentleman approached the young fellow with a peculiar smile, grasped him by the hair and with a dexterous jerk snatched the wig off his head, when a mass of long auburn hair fell down almost concealing the features of the—woman.

"Red-headed Moll, as I live!" exclaimed Clive, then sat down and laughed heartily at the sudden transformation of the affrighted girl.

"A woman!" cried both the others, in a breath, then the lawyer sharply observed:

"Perhaps "Red-headed Moll" will deign to explain how she came to personate Mr. Irvin?"

"I have nothing to explain for I know nothing. Harvey Clarke knows all about it, ask him," replied the trembling creature.

"Where is your paramour?" asked the detective, sternly.

"Gone to post a letter."

"Demanding more of his dupe's cash, doubtless," remarked the lawyer.

Footsteps were now heard approaching, and the next moment Clarke entered. A glance at the auburn tresses and the presence of Doctor Hatfield and the lawyer told him the game was up.

He coolly seated himself, gazed from one to the other then laughed softly as he remarked to the girl:

"Moll, our little game is up, and we must submit with what grace we can."

"You audacious rascal," cried the exasperated lawyer, "where is Morris Irvin?"

"Taking a 'ground sweat,'" was the the callous reply.

While Mr. Sharpless was at a loss what the fellow meant by these irreverent words the doctor, more comprehensive, cried:

"You mean, I presume, that he is no more—"

"Than mouldering dust," interrupted the heartless scamp

"*Dead!*" exclaimed the lawyer, in horror.

"As a door nail," was the cool response

"You killed him," the lawyer burst out.

"Not at all, my dear sir;" rejoined the other, quite coolly, "he died at Manchester as I can prove, and I had him buried under a fictitious name. Then I hunted up a 'sub' to personate him so that I would not lose my position as secretary. I saw this girl, and concluded she would answer my purpose.

"I made the proposal and she accepted, without, however knowing my secret, and the extent of her crime (if crime it may be called) is that she dressed in male attire and assumed the name of my deceased friend."

"How long has he been dead?" asked Mr. Sharpless.

"Eight months."

"And during all this period you have been drawing on me for money in his name?"

"Yes: you see, Mr. Sharpless, you never gave me credit for being an upright and honorable fellow, and I saw an opportunity for revenge for those uncharitable reflections on my character, and a fool only would have hesitated to take advantage of it. I am no fool, I flatter myself!" he added, with a soft laugh.

"I agree with you there, at all events," rejoined the lawyer, "for you are a most audacious knave."

In due course of time the precious pair were taken to Manchester, and proof obtained that Irvin had died a natural death, hence neither of the prisoners could be arraigned for the graver crime.

During their examination before a magistrate, the girl—a common prostitute of London—was discharged from custody, with a reprimand, and Clarke was remanded for trial.

The money he had received after Irvin's death he had secreted in a belt about his person. This was returned to the lawyer, who, after Clarke had been sentenced for a short term for his offence, bade the audacious rogue goods bye, and returned to Germantown to hunt up the next heirs to Mr. Irvin's estate.

Silver.

most celebrated mines of Europe are in Norway and Sweden, and those of Mexico and Peru are in the centre of the chain of the Andes in the most cheerless regions of perpetual snow; there are mines also in the north of Asia, but none have yet been discovered in Africa. The most productive mines in the world are those of South America and the United States. Native, or, as it is sometimes called, virgin silver, is not met with in masses, but in large patches, beautifully branching out from the central deposit, or sometimes extending into an entangled net. Herrera, the Spanish historian attributes the discovery of silver mines of Potosi in Peru to the fact of an Indian hunter having pulled up a shrub and found its roots entwined with filaments of pure silver which turned out to be ramifications from an enormous mass of the metal. Silver is frequently met with in lead ore.

Tobacco.

The finest tobacco comes from the province of Roumelia, in Southern Turkey, where tobacco cultivation is almost the sole resource of the inhabitants both young and old

A Pike County Rifle.

An antiquated rifle stands in a corner of the gun room in "Mose" Westbrook's house in a cosy but isolated village in the Pike county, Pa., backwoods—a house once famous as a sportsman's inn and whose hospitality has been shared by as many of the country's celebrities, past and present, as ever congregated under any similar roof. The rifle is a relic and specimen of the earlier days of the gunsmith's art, and was made many years ago by a local artizan for the use of the late Judge Solomon Westbrook, father of the celebrated Pike county deer slayer, John C. (better known as "Baltus"). Captain Lafe and Mose Westbrook. John C. has served the county nine terms as Prothonotary and Captain Lafe has been sent by his fellow-citizens six times to the Legislature. He moved into Monroe county two or three years ago to give some of the other boys a chance for political honors. As to the rifle, it is fitted with the old-fashioned swivel breech and is known the country round as "Old Swivel." The original owner of the gun laid low more than a score of deer before he stood it aside and departed for the happy hunting grounds. He died more than thirty years ago. Then Lafe took possession of it and stopped the career of every deer he raised it on, until the war broke out. Then he laid it aside for an army musket, went to the front and came back a captain with a sword. He took up Old Swivel again and hunted with it until 1875, when he missed a deer with it one day and laid the gun aside as worthless. Then Uncle Ira Crissman, the 'Squire of the township, took charge of it. He denounced the captain as a libeler of the rare old shooting iron and declared that it was "worth all the rest o' the guns in the country all put together." He said the reason Lafe couldn't hit anything with it was that he didn't know how to shoot. Uncle Ira has taken the gun out on the deer trail every season since then, until two years ago, when he had to go to Milford to help his nephew run a hotel there. As soon as he got there they elected him Justice of the Peace, and he hasn't had time to come up and use Old Swivel since. He is expected up now every day, however, to take the old gun out of the corner, burnish it up and go out and bring down a big five prong buck that is browsing around back of the High Knob, and which none of the hunters have succeeded in making bite the dust thus far this season.

A Blooming Grove man was down to Milford the other day, and says he heard Uncle Ira relating to a wondering group of callow hunters in the barroom of his nephew's tavern some glowing reminiscences of Old Swivel.

"There never was a gun like it," said he. "It wouldn't do for me and Old Swivel to be in the same township, for if we was there wouldn't be a deer left in five years. Me and Old Swivel never missed a deer yet, and I've p'int- him at 'em at long range and short range and I've banged him at 'em when there wasn't nothin' to see but the noise they made sloshing', through the brush. But when Old Swivel spoke there wasn't no more noise in the brush, but when we walked over there we know'd there be an old buck or a big doe layin' there waitin' there to be skinned. Deer has been gittin' plentier and plentier since I came away from Bloomin' Grove. Why? Good enough reason. Old Swivel's been standin' behind that door at Mose's, and I've been settin' here tryin' 'sault and bat'ry cases and maryin' folks, and the deer has had a chance to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Ye see, the gun wouldn't be no good in nobody else's hands and so it jist stands there waitin' for me. I'll be blame glad to see the old boy ag'in and I know he'll be glad to see me, and we'll go out together and show that buck back o' the Knob that old times is come back ag'in and that we won't take none o' his aggervatin' airs

"About the best day me and Old Swivel ever had was a year or two ago 'fore I left Bloomin' Grove. Lafe had a lot of fellers come up from the city and he was goin' to show 'em how to knock over deer. Lafe was in the Legislatur' then and had an idea that a man that was in the Pennsylvania Legislature could knock down anything, and about them days the most of 'em was knockin' down consid'able. The party stopped at Mose's. Lafe he ingineered 'em, but I notice that me and Old Swivel went out with 'em to do the killin'. We went over on the Shoholy and the dogs soon started a deer. I don't know how many o' them fellers got a shot at it, but I know that there hadn't been a hair on it touched when it came tearin' 'long through the brush in the vicinity of where me and Old Swivel was standin', patiently waitin' for our turn, knowin' that if the deer was killed we'd have to do it. The deer was so far away from us that I'm blamed if I could hardly tell whether it was a buck or a doe, but I jist showed Old Swivel its hearins; he hollered at it and the deer laid down in its tracks. We walked over to where it stopped and found it was a big fat doe. I hung it up in a tree and was dressin' it when I heard a big rumpus in the creek. There was a wide and deep place in the stream right there, an' lookin' 'round I see the biggest buck I ever see swimmin' 'cross. I took up Old Swivel, and not wantin' to take advantage of the deer, let it climb out of the water and git a good three hundred yard start. Then I let Old Swivel speak up ag'in and the buck know'd the voice and tumbled in the brush without waitin' to be told twice. I finished dressin' the doe and then went over to hang up the buck and make his toilet. He was so big I couldn't budge him. I had to go up the creek and find one of the other hunters and git him to come down and help me to hang the buck. When he seen the old whopper he didn't know whether to laugh 'cause the buck was killed or cry 'cause he hadn't killed it.

"'If twasn't for it's horns,' says he, 'I'm durned if I wouldn't think it was a hoss, it's so all-fired big.'

"That same day the boys sent a big buck to one of the party, who thought he was a rippin' hunter, because his gun cost $150 and he had to carry a bushel bag on his back to hold all the fixins and things it took to work the gun proper. The deer plunged into the creek not more'n ten foot away from this bold hunter and bang! bang! went both of his high-priced bar'ls. The deer went right on and wasn't in much of a hurry either, fur he know'd by the sound o' the gun that it was safer fur him to be loafin' 'round there than it was to take the chances of rnnnin' ag'n sumpin' more substantial in some other part of the woods. But the onfort'nit buck kinder lost his bearin's and on his way got within five hundred yards o' me and Old Swivel. He smelt us, but it was too late. He went by us like a lightnin' express on the Erie Railroad, but Swivel spit at him too sudden and that made three that we took in and cared fur durin' the day.

"So there's a big buck pesterin' the community back o' the Knob, hey? Well, tell 'em I'll try to git up there 'fore the season's over, and me and Old Swivel 'll go out and have a little talk with him."

So when the old man comes up the boys are expecting to have some sport. They want to hear the old gun making music once more in the woods, anyhow, and no one ever thinks of using it but Uncle Ira.

In Detroit Since.

A wholesale house in Detroit in which the firm consists of four partners, with a solid old gentleman at the head, took on a new traveler a few days ago. He was engaged and packed off without having seen the senior partner, and he probably didn't care a cent whether such a person existed or not. He was coming in over one of the roads on a recent Saturday, and had taken a seat in the smoker to enjoy a fifteen-center, when a fellow traveler asked him how business was, and what firm he represented.

"Business is infernal dull, and I represent the house of Black & Co., Detroit," was the answer.

"Pretty solid house?"

"Oh, yes; but rather cranky."

"Going to be with it next year?"

"Well, that will depend. When I get in I'm going to ask for a position in the store. I'm fitted for almost any place there, and I'm going to push myself."

"And then you'll work for promotion?"

"You bet! and if things come around right I'll have an interest in the old ranch inside of two years."

"Eh! how's that?"

"Well, the old crank who furnishes the doubloons to keep the business booming has two marriageable daughters, and I'm going to be his son-in-law or break both legs trying. I've got the pluck to succeed, and you can bet a new hat on me any day in the year."

The conversation died away soon after that, and in a little time the traveler was left to the comforts of his cigar. He thought no more of the matter until he walked into the store Monday morning to report. The first man his eyes rested upon was his fellow traveler on the train, and the old gent had his hat off, and seemed very much at home. He bowed to the drummer, and he smiled, and he went to the door and called after him in a forgiving tone, but the man escaped, and has not been seen in Detroit since.

An Iceberg at Sea.

At twelve o'clock we went below, said a sailor, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who went up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, one of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck looking at it, and in admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur, but no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor and real sublimity of the sight. Its great size, for it must have been two or three miles in circumference and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water and its high points nodded against the clouds, the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, covered its base with a white crest; the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear, all combined to give it a character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color; its base was crusted with frozen foam; and, as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and, as we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg; and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward monring a strong breeze sprung up, and at daylight it was out of sight.

Plate glass was discovered in an accidental way, in 1658, by a man named Thevart. It is attributed to the breaking of a vessel containing melted glass, a portion of which found its way under a large flag-stone, which, when subsequently removed, was found to consist of a plate of glass. This suggested the idea of casting glass in plates

A Long-Lived Family.

The recent birthday anniversary of Sir Moses Montefiore has been and is widely commented on, partly because of his great age of 100 years and the unquestioned authenticity of the record. And yet the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis was such a historical sceptic that he denied that there ever had been or could be an authentic case of a man living to the age of 100 years. What made this scepticism seem the more strange was the fact that he was a "double first" of Oxford and learned in human history. In America his treatise is regarded with doubt, in view of of the unquestioned records of the lives of centenarians here. Recent reports at the United States Pension Agency showed that in N. Y. district there were two pensioners who were the widows of Revolutionary soldiers. Some of the London journals regard the 100th birthday of Sir Moses of vast interest because "it is the only well-authenticated case of a man having attained the age,' whereupon a commentator of good authority ventures to say that "the United States alone can at this moment produce at least a score of centenarians as well authenticated by the parish registers and credible testimony as the Anglo-Hebrew baronet."

The world generally recalls Old Parr, of London, in regard to this matter of longevity. There are several direct descendants of Old Parr living or working in New York. One of them, Mr. Edward Parr, is a tailor in Nassau street, New York, and a resident of Hoboken. He said recently:

"I am a direct descendent of Dr. Thomas Parr—'Old Parr'—the famous liver pill man of London. I myself am 63 years old, the father of 13 children, and I rather think that in work I can keep up with the boys in the place. The records of the family all show that Dr. Parr, at his death in 1765, was 152 years old. I think it altogether likely that he would have lived longer if he had not been petted by the King and court, so being led from his old diet and habits. Yes, 'high living' probably hastened his death."

"Do you know," continued Mr. Parr, "I am sometimes afraid that I shall live to a very great age? It runs in the family."

"How old would you like to live—to 100, say?"

"No; about 120."

The good-natured tailor laughed, and added—

"My father, John Parr, is now living in Liverpool, and is 98 years old. His father, John, who lived at Simon's Wood, Lancashire, died at 102 years. Father's great uncle, Isaac Parr, is now living in Regent street, London, at the age of 130 years, and Isaac's brother, James, now living in Soho street, London, is, according to the authorities, 132 years old. Two cousins of my father—John and James Parr—are now living in New York, both bakers and active men. I cannot tell their exact age, but it is not far from 98 years."

In the Garden.

Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family.

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and, in fact, you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir; no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden, and, looking over the fence, I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No; you be ma,' said the boy, and I'll be pa. Now, you sit here, and I'll come in drunk. Wait, now, till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned, and, entering the playhouse, nodded idiotically at the girl, and sat down without saying anything. The girl looked up from her work and said;

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk.'

"You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, 'an we haven't anything to eat hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?

"I hurried away. The acting was too lifelike, I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden."

Russian Newspapers.

How the average Russian woman must rejoice that her husband is unable to secure a newspaper in which to bury his face at the breakfast table instead of devoting his attention to her. Russia with a population of 100,000,000, has but 776 newspapers and periodicals, while the United States with its 57,000,000 inhabitants has 11,196.

Everywhere a Christian should be a positive power, so that wherever he carries himself, he will carry the power of Christianity.

LEMON BUNS are made of one-quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, half a teacupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add lemon extract to your taste; currants, also, if you choose. Bake in a moderate oven.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

The Strange Story of a Doctor's Personal Experience.

Syracuse, N. Y Herald.

The HERALD lays the following statement before its readers with the assurance that it is undoubtedly true in every particular. The writer is a well and widely known citizen and his case is familiar to a large number of our readers.

To The Editor of the Herald: SIR: I dislike the notoriety of a newspaper letter over my own signature, but in this matter duty compels me. As many are aware, I was for years in a feeble condition, many people expecting my death at any time. In 1879, while at Denver, Colorado, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage. I lost 20 pounds of flesh in three weeks. I came home utterly broken down. My physicians said some peculiarity of the western climate produced the disorder. I made the journey again a few months later, however, without ill effects, but on my return home I was prostrated with pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled, and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head. I was in constant fear of suffocation. Many a night I had deadly sinking spells. When the pneumonia abated the hemorrhages returned. My legs were twisted with cramps, my skin was very hot and dry, my blood circulated unevenly, my mouth was parched, I was tormented with the pains of gravel and mucus in my fluids, and my back ached excruciatingly.

I did not know what was my especial disorder, but in April, 1881, a council of five of the best physicians of Syracuse said I could not possibly recover. They advised me to try the virtues of a certain mineral spring. With pitiful helplessness I dragged myself to the cars, but was obliged to stop over at Worcester, Mass. There I was again thoroughly examined by fifteen physicians, who concurred that I was incurable. Nevertheless, I continued my journey to the springs, remained there several weeks, but returned home without benefit or hope.

My disorder was for years sapping and mining my constitution before the final attack was made. First I had chills and fever, then severe and protracted cold, then restlessness at night, nervous irritability by day, constantly distressing backache, unusual disposition to catarrh, pain in the chest, torpid liver, headache and dull sensation in the base of the brain. For five years painful rheumatic pains affected my knee. Stomach and bowel derangements came in their turn, with an occasional fluttering of my heart, and an inability to draw a long breath; quick fatigue followed much conversation; irregularity of appetite succeeded. Fitful pains of a neuralgic order flitted about my body, and after a day of hard work my arms would feel numb, so I often had fears of paralysis. So terrible at times did my back and arms ache that at the close of work I would lie on my couch for an hour with arms upraised in vain attempt for relief. After a night of restlessness and hallucinations, I would awake in the morning with such a distressing headache that I could not arise until I had drunk a cup of strong coffee or tea.

The disease which had fastened on me during all these years my physicians said was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, pronounced by every medical authority to be incurable. Having exhausted all authorized remedies, I dismissed my medical attendants and began the use of Warner's Safe Cure in December, 1881. I faithfully persevered for two and one-half years, and it has saved my life and preserved my health, *when twenty of the most competent physicians said I could not recover.* I have taken over 200 bottles, following all diet rules and directions.

I have hitherto refrained from publishing details of my case, because I wished to secure permanent effects before stating results, but as I have been comparatively a well man for the last two years and able to attend to my business daily, wholly through the preparation named, I feel that I ought to spread its merits before the world. If you see fit to publish what I have written I shall be gratified.

Yours, etc.,
DR. S. G. MARTIN.
Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1884.

MA—"I have my doubts about Mr. Grayfellow, my dear, and wish you had not said 'yes' before consulting me."

Daughter—"Why, what is the matter with him?"

"He has no trade, business or profession that I can discover, and certainly no expectations, as his relatives are all poor."

"But, ma, just think what a good husband he will make. There won't be a quarrel from one year's end to the other."

"You think so now, no doubt."

"Oh! but ma, I am sure of it. He is so amiable."

"Perhaps his amiability has not been tested."

"Ah! but it has. You know how most men dislike parents-in-law."

"Yes."

"Well, he said he would not object at all to living with you and pa."

A GENTLEMAN presents himself at Police Headquarters, and asks to have a general alarm sent out for his daughter, who is believed to have eloped with the coachman.

"Describe her, if you please," says the Sergeant.

"Well, she is dark-complected, and wears a thingummy kind of dress, cut bias, and as to her age, why she is two or three years younger than you'd take her to be."

MISS ESMERALDA LONGCOFFIN, who is not as attractive as she was thirty years ago, has recently taken to crockery painting. In other words she paints her mug, her own mug, and she kalsomines her features so artistically that she looks like another woman. Kosciusko Murphy passed her on Austin avenue without speaking.

"Why, Mr. Murphy, what have I done that you should not recognize me?"

"I don't know what you have done," replied the brute, "but you are so beautiful all at once that I did not recognize you."

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit.

The life of a mere wordly man is like an African river that wastes itself by soaking into the desert sands.

MESSRS. HOUCK & BARNIE, managers of the Baltimore, Md., Base-ball Club, state, as the opinion of all base-ball players,—and no set of men are more susceptible to sprains, bruises, aches and pains—that St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy, is the best cure ever used, and they jointly acknowledge its merits.

Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—I have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh, Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instantaneous, and continued use has resulted in an almost complete cure.—S. M. GREENE, Book-keeper, Steamboat Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Almost the best rule of life is to be worthy of one's self.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

Perhaps the happiest period in life most frequently is in middle age, when the eager passions of youth are cooled, and the infirmities of age not yet begun.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth, let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result.

Don't You Do It.

Don't suffer any longer with the pains and aches of Rheumatism, which make life a burden to you. Relief, speedy and permanent can be procured at the nearest drug store, in the form of Kidney-Wort. Elbridge Malcolm of West Bath, Maine, says: "I was completely prostrated with Rheumatism and Kidney troubles and was not expected to recover. The first dose of Kidney-Wort helped me. Six doses put me on my feet, it has now entirely cured me and I have had no trouble since."

As we are not allowed to be idle in this world and to do nothing, so we are not allowed to be willful and do what we please.

MY DAUGHTER and myself, great sufferers from Catarrh, have been cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell restored and health greatly improved.—C. M. STANLEY, Merchant, Ithaca, New York. [Easy to use. Price 50 cents.]

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Oily Gammon.

A nick-name given to a smooth talking lawyer. But there is no gammon about Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair Renewer, it will do its work.

Tears are softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

TESTED BY TIME. For Throat Diseases, Colds, and Coughs, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

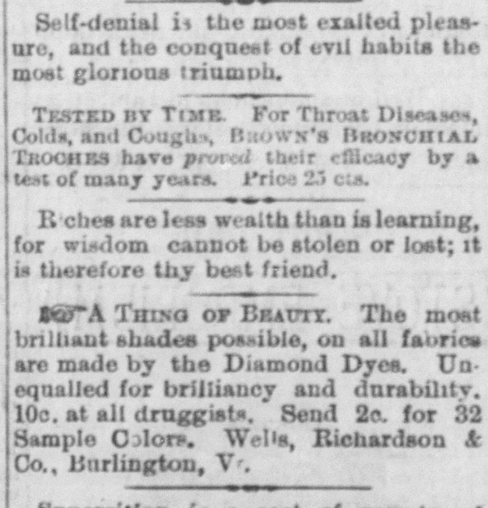
Riches are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen or lost; it is therefore thy best friend.

A THING OF BEAUTY. The most brilliant shades possible, on all fabrics are made by the Diamond Dyes. Unequalled for brilliancy and durability. 10c. at all druggists. Send 2c. for 32 Sample Colors. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Supersition is a sort of parody of faith.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 921 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A work of charity is a type of the charity within, in the soul and mind.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

In cases of dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a tried remedy, to which the medical brotherhood have lent their professional sanction, and which as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels has an unbounded popularity.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1885.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
63 Mercer Street, New York

In Switzerland, the minnow reaches an altitude of about 7900 feet above the sea level, according to Mons. V. Fatio, and the miller's thumb one of 7200 feet. The perch stops at 6500 feet, and no others pass above 2000 feet, although the carp, tench, rudd and chub have been successfully introduced at 3500 to 2500 feet.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, Consumption of the Lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred *outward* manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, and for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

Never make your ear the grave of another's good name.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with three letter stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The charity which longs to publish itself ceases to be charity.

For diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

An opinion that is backed by curses, shows a limited range of ideas.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Too often we demand more affection than we give, more than we deserve, more than it is possible for us to receive.

I HAVE BEEN a severe sufferer from Catarrh for the past fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago I commenced using Ely's Cream Balm, with most gratifying results, and am to-day apparently cured. Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

Those who understand the value of time, treat it as prudent people do their money; they make a little go a great ways.

AN improvement in Upright Pianos has been introduced by the Mason & Hamlin Company, long famous as organ makers, which is regarded as very important, adding to the beauty of tone of this instrument and rendering it much more durable.—*Boston Journal.*

"Do you know," said an extremely vivacious young lady to her excessively bashful suitor, "do you know, George, that young ladies like to be told that they are pretty and attractive, whether they are or not?"

"I would not think of telling you any such thing," said George gallantly, "for your looking glass tells you better than I could that you are as handsome as a picture."

"Oh, George!"

"You have the prettiest face and the smallest waist I ever saw."

"The smallest waist! If my waist is small it is certainly not because of having been squeezed, George."

George fainted.

"No, GEORGE, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know."

"When did your father fail? I hadn't heard of it," he said, turning pale.

"He failed yesterday, and is very much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my undivided care and attention and though it may break our hearts, George, we must part forever."

"Noble girl," thought George, hastily grasped his hat, and with his broken heart went out into the night.

HUSBAND—"It looks like rain, my dear. Don't you think we had better take an umbrella?"

Wife—"Oh, no, we don't want to be bothered with it."

Husband—"You take great chances, my love."

Wife—"I know I do. If I were a man I would be a bold speculator. I would never be content, like you, to do an ordinary, humdrum business that would just bring me a living."

[An hour later, the couple standing in a narrow doorway with the rain beating fiercely in.]

Wife—"How do I look?"

Husband—"Very much like a speculator—sharer of my joys and sorrows."

"LOOK here, Bridget," said a Van Ness avenue matron to her cook the other day, "I really can't allow you to have company in the kitchen every night."

"It's all along with the terrible fire in Chicago, mum."

"What on earth has that to do with it?"

"Why, mum, ever since then I do be afraid of fire, so that I have one of the boys from the engine house around the corner come and sit with me evenings. It do make me feel more comfortable like somehow."

The Best Butter Color.

The great unanimity with which dairymen of high reputation have adopted, in preference to anything else, the Improved Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is remarkable. It shows that the claims of imitative colors are baseless, wise dairymen will use no other.

God may put off those to-morrow who put Him off to-day.

Do You Want to Buy a Dog?

Send for Dog Buyers' Guide, 100 pages, engravings of all breeds, colored plate, prices of dogs and where to buy them. Mailed for 15c. Associated Fanciers, 237 S. 8th St., Phila.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all ideas of good-breeding.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.

A New Sugar-Making Process.—Louisiana planters are directing their attention to a new process for extracting sugar, invented by Konrad Trobach, of Berlin. It is purely chemical, differing materially from the mechanical process now used, and if it shall prove to be all it is claimed to be, will affect a revolution in sugar-making and cheapen the article still more. Trobach's process dispenses with crushing and pressing altogether; the cane is cut into slices by means of machinery, and the water extracted from it by alcohol vapor, which, having an affinity for the water absorbs it, but leaves the saccharine in the desiccated cane. This is then treated with liquid alcohol, which extracts the sugar, and afterward the sugar is extracted from the alcohol, or the alcohol from the sugar, by filtering through lime and chalk. One great obstacle to the cheap manufacture of Louisiana sugar is the difficulty of extracting all or nearly all the saccharine from the cane; a considerable portion is lost in the bagasse or refuse which is thrown away or burned. If this waste could be saved it would cheapen the process 1 cent a pound. The present sugar-making machinery in Louisiana would be an impediment to the introduction of the Trobach method. It is not adapted to the new process and would have to be thrown away—a sacrifice which the Louisiana planters could ill afford, as their machinery is very costly.

The mongoose, which was some years ago brought from India to stop the ravages of the sugar-cane rot in Jamaica, has increased in that island to such an extent, and has become so destructive to poultry and even to fruit and vegetables, that it seems liable to soon become a veritable pest. Since being introduced from Europe, the dog has become very numerous in a wild state in Australia, but, instead of confining itself to subduing the Australian plague of rabbits, it now causes a great slaughter of sheep. The weasel and the sloat which New Zealand people have imported from England to keep down the rabbits, have multiplied so rapidly that the remedy is expected to become worse than the original affliction in a very short time.

A new variety of sulphur has been obtained by M. Gernez in the form of very long prisms of a pearly texture by rubbing the sides of a test-tube containing the suffused sulphur with the end of a platinum wire or glass rod. When the crystals are introduced into suffused sulphur they give rise to a growth of similar crystals throughout the mass, and the formation is much more rapid than that of either of the previously known forms.

Distilled water in the daylight is of a deep blue color. By gaslight the color is green.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system, are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—
"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop
"Bitters;"
And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
"All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3 000, done me "less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they "also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous "weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."
R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.
—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Hale's Honey OF Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the *successful* specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

LADIES PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars* 2 cts. Wilcox Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

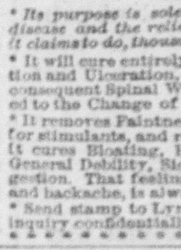
"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

VARICOCELE or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Glove-fitting.* Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS 100 STYLES $22 TO $900.

HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL GREAT WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Only American Organs Awarded such at any.

For Cash, Easy Payments or Rented.

UPRIGHT PIANOS

presenting THE HIGHEST EXCELLENCE YET ATTAINED in such instruments; adding to all previous improvements one of greater value than any; securing most pure, refined, musical tones and increased durability; especially avoiding liability to get out of tune. Illustrated Catalogue free.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANO CO.,
Boston, 154 Tremont St.; N. York, 46 E. 14th St.;
Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

"LINENE" Reversible Collars and Cuffs, Turn down collars, RUBENS, ANGELO, RAPHAEL. The new standing style, MURILLO, is REVERSIBLE, same as the turn down styles. The top edge has a smooth, round fold that cannot fray.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. It is polished on both sides and cut into collars and cuffs with no wrong side. Double use. Adjust perfectly. No rough edges. Worth a trial. Ten for 25 cts. at stores. Two Gold Medals and Bronze Medal awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs, any size, to try, postpaid for SIX cts. Fabric and circulars free. Mention this paper. Reversible Collar Co., Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

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Christmas Nos. of these beautifully illustrated Magazines sent on receipt of 30c. Illustrated catalogue free.

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434 CURTIS ST., DENVER, COLORADO.
RANCHES, FARMS and GARDEN TRACTS for Sale SETTLERS located on selected GOVERNMENT LAND Readers of this paper will receive our NEW MAP of COLORADO and pamphlet of valuable information free by sending two-cent stamp.

5 Splendid Farms for sale in Cass & Bates Counties, Mo. Address W. H. DUNCAN, Archie, Cass Co., Mo.

CHEAPEST RUBBER STAMPS IN AMERICA! Catalogue to Consumers; NO AGTS Novelty Stamp Works, Westfield, N. J.

HELP WANTED MEN, Women, Boys and Girls, 10c. to $1.00 an hour, or from $2.00 to $5.00 per day easily made. One dozen samples and full particulars to commence work mailed for 10c. Address P. O. Box 22, Prospect Plains, N. J.

1 LADY WANTED IN EVERY CITY, TOWN AND VILLAGE TO RAISE A CLUB FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

The oldest, yet the brightest and best Ladies' Magazine published. You can make money easier by getting up a club for GODEY'S than in any other way. A Beautiful Premium to all subscribers, and an Extra Premium to Club raisers. Send 15 cts. for sample copy and instructions for raising Clubs.

GODEY'S LADY BOOK,
P. O. Box No. X. H. H. Philada., Pa.

26 HOLIDAY CARDS FREE!

Any person who will send us the names of four wide-awake boys or girls in their village and ten 1c. stamps for postage, we will send free, 26 Imported Embossed Fringe Birthday, Christmas, New Year and Easter Cards, all different, and a new illustrated 64-page Holiday Book. U. S. MANUFACT'NG CO., Hartford, Conn.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS

By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen's Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 45,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship* and *Solid Merit* make it *the booming book for Agents.* Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, Extra Terms etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Rose Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

DR. LINQUIST'S
Spinal Misses' Waist,......$1 75
Spinal Corset,.................. 2 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,.... 2 25
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.
Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

Free to All! A GOLD WATCH, LADIES WORK BOX.

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well known Illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the holidays: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible before January 1st., will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch worth $50. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive an elegant Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch. Each person must send 36 cents with their answer for which they will receive FREE, postpaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST," and an elegant Lady's Work Box with their name beautifully stenciled on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Christmas Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.25, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all prepaid for 36 cts.

Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.

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CURES AND PREVENTS
Colds,
Sore Throat,
Lumbago,
Pleurisy,
Coughs,
Pneumonia,
Inflammations,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,
Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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You'll never loose anything by "keeping posted." Maps, pamphlets, papers, etc., concerning Lands, Farming, Stock-raising, Fruit-growing, Mining, Manufacturing, etc., in KANSAS, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA and OLD MEXICO sent FREE on application to C. B. SCHMIDT, Commissioner of Immigration, A. T. & S. F. R. R., Topeka, Kas.

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IN order to secure new customers, we will send 100 Choice Embossed Pictures, 4 German Dolls' Heads, 1 Elegant Birthday Card, 8 Imported Chromos, 10 Pretty Album and Reward Cards, 1 Album of 50 Colored Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 Odd Games, 6 new style Red Napkins, 1 Pack Puzzle Cards, 1 Pocket Book. All the above goods for 26 cts. Address, F. S. AVERY, 110 South 4th Street, Williamsburg, N. Y.

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By Thos. W. Knox. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, authentic, impartial. Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest.* 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 percent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freights paid.* Send for *Extra Terms, etc.*, to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., DEC 24, 1884.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

Its Formal Opaning at New Orleans.

New Orleans, Dec. 16.—The day of the inauguration ceremonies at the World's Exposition opened bright and cheerful, and thousands of people made preparations early in the morning to witness the long expected event. Every public and private building along the principal streets was decorated with more or less elaborateness. Along the street car routes the visitors from northern climates were astonished to find hundreds of orange trees bending beneath their ripe fruit, and to see the bloom of roses and the rich verdure of kitchen and flower gardens. The many steamers bore to the exposition full complements of passengers.

THE EXPOSITION OPENED.

At 1 o'clock Rev. Dr. Talmage made the opening prayer. Director General Burk then transferred the buildings and grounds to Pres. Richardson, of the exposition company. President Arthur's address, which had been received by telegraph, was read, and when the concluding sentence declared the world's exposition now open was read, the President closed the electric circuit, and the machinery was put in motion. Mayor Guillottee then welcomed the many strangers present.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The telegraph instruments, with which President Arthur opened the New Orleans exposition, were placed in the east room yesterday. At 12 o'clock to day members of the diplomatic corps, congressional committees and invited guests began to arrive. The marine band enlivened the ceremonies with national airs. At the proper moment President Arthur pressed the electric button, and away down in New Orleans the machinery was started with a whirl.

A MEAN OLD GENERAL ROUTED.

Old "General Debility" has been put to flight in Kansas, with happy results. From Brinkley, from Webb City, and from Walnut Ridge, Messrs. P. R. Anderson, E. M. Taylor and F. Pinchback respectively, write that they were all afflicted with general debility, and received solid benefit from Brown's Iron Bitters. This is pleasant to know, not only from Kansas people, but for all sections of the country where General Debility has counted victims by the thousand. For sale everywhere.

SNOW SHOE THE SCENE OF EXTENSIVE OPERATIONS AND BUSINESS GOOD.

Snow Shoe and vicinity is just now one of the most prosperous communities in Centre county, or, for that matter, in Central Pennsylvania. The bituminous coal interests are carried on with a full force of miners which in itself has heretofore given that an impetus which other and larger towns might justly envy. In addition to this, the Lehigh Valley R. R. company recently gained foot hold there and commenced the erection of coke ovens. Two hundred men were immediately set to work and the company will forthwith erect 200 large coke ovens, about five of which are completed every day. When finished 200 men will find constant and profitable employment all the year round. Everything will be in working order before the coming spring. A railroad line is being erected by this company to connect with the main lines and the freightage from these ovens will be large in volume, and will increase the home industry of Snow Shoe and all along the line of the shipping of this product. It is a glorious advent for Snow Shoe and Centre county. Mr. W. A. Lathrop, a gentleman of almost unlimited experience in the coke business, is managing the construction of these ovens and will superintend the vast business after once in operation. The quality of coal in the Snow Shoe region is excellent for coke purposes, and the Snow Shoe product cannot fail to command a high place in the coke oven.

ALL HAPPY.

Christmas brings happiness to all. We have seen barefooted children in the cities on Christmas, and they even wore a smile and seemed to forget their poverty. In this part of the state such cases of extreme poverty are not to be seen. A large and well-stocked shoe store, with prices to suit the poor, such as the store of Powers & Son, enables all to wear decent boots and shoes, and keep those important members, the feet, comfortable. It is astonishing to go into Powers & Son's store and see their immense stock, and then the variety! why any one can find a boot or shoe, or rubber to suit his or her taste, high or low, big or little, male and female. You never grumble about prices at Powers & Son's.

THE PLUMED KNIGHT AGAIN.

Mr. Blaine has withdrawn his suit against the Indianapolis *Sentinel* to recover $50,000 for libel, in a letter, in which he virtually says he can't trust the law, the courts, or a jury to determine his grievance. Because he apprehends there will be Democrats on the jury he won't go to trial. It is true the judge is a Republican, the marshal who summons the jurrors a Republican, the officers of the court Republican, and Mr. Blaine would have the same guarantees for securing an impartial jury any other citizens would have, but he fears Democrats may creep into the jury box to his disadvantage, thus implying the service he would exact from Republican jurors. What a shabby sham, to be sure, is this excuse.

"Lapeer, Mich., Feb. 2, '81.—I am in receipt of your circular. I keep a good supply of your Downs' Elixir (all the sizes,) believing it to be the best Cough Remedies put up. I also keep Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

U. D. BRISTOL, Druggist."

The above named remedies are all warranted to give satisfaction, and can be found in any first class drug store.

We call the attention of our readers to [illegible] advertisement of the well known [illegible]man Business College of Newark, N. [illegible] is one of the oldest business [illegible] in the country, has large and [illegible]ous quarters and is fully equipped [illegible] educating [illegible] men desiring a business [illegible] cannot do better than avail [illegible] its advantages.

STARTLING THE KING OF BEASTS.

General H. F. Sickles, of the United States Army, was telling some friends a short time ago about his first glimpse of of a mountain lion. He said, "We were living up in the mountains in Colorado, and had quite a herd of cows, among them one old cow who wore a bell. The cows had been missing for several days, and the boys were out searching, and one afternoon I thought I would try what I could do. So I mounted a pony and rode quite a distance, when I thought I heard the cow's bell. I dismounted and started to prowl around among the rocks and bushes. It had been raining during the early part of the afternoon, and I had an umbrella. I tied the pony to a tree and started. After I had gone a short distance, I caught a glimpse of the cows. As I started toward them, suddenly they all lifted their heads, crooked their tails, and started away on the dead run. I was just wondering what frightened them, when I heard a rustling in the bushes behind me. I turned around, and there, not ten feet away, was a big mountain lion, standing on a rock staring at me. I assure you I never felt so bashful in all my life. I hadn't a gun, or even a jack-knife; and there was that beast staring and getting ready for a spring! All at once I thought of my umbrella, and as quick as thought I raised that much-borrowed article and spread it right in Mr. Lion's face! He didn't stop to examine, but made one great jump clear across a gorge, and when he lighted gave a yell that shook the hills. I saw no more of him. When I got home, the cows were there."

ORIGIN OF WHIST.

The origin and date of the first playing of whist have of late been much discussed, particularly in England, where the game receives a degree and study well nigh religious. Edmund Hoyle, the earliest writer of any note on whist, commonly called the father of the game, published his first "Short Treaties" about 1742, in his seventieth year. Though educated for the law, he loved cards passionately, and was so skillful a player that he used to receive a guinea a lesson for teaching different games. He spent his days and nights at the card table, which so agreed with him that he lived to be ninety-seven. Whist is supposed to be a development of trump or triumph, played in England at least as early as the reign as Henry VIII. Trump is mentioned in a sermon by Latimer, the Sunday before Christmas (1529, and by Shakespeare punning on the word triumph, in "Antony and Cleopatra." Whist is not named by any writer of the Elizabethan e a. The earliest reference to whist is in 1621, in the poems of John Taylor, the water poet. In the first edition of Cotton's "Complete Gamester" (1672), no allusion is made to whist, but in the second edition, issued six years later, it is mentioned as a game "commonly known in England." Cotton's saying that the game gets its name from the silence observed in playing it, although generally accepted, is by many regarded as incorrect. The proper name is probably whisk.

WAVING A BANNER IN IOWA.

One night a young doctor of Newton Center, Iowa, escorted the daughter of a prominent and wealthy citizen to church. The father of the girl had forbidden her to accompany the young man. When church was out the father lay in wait behind a tree for his daughter's companion and jumped out upon him as he passed. He seized the young man by the throat and tore his collar off and the bosom out of his shirt. The old gentleman then ran away. The doctor went on home with the young lady as though nothing had happened. When she entered the house her father took her to the parlor, and pointing to the doctor's shirt bosom, which he had tacked to the wall, said: "I intend to have it framed." On Monday the doctor saw the old gentleman passing his office. The story of the shirt bosom was already known about the village. The young man rushed out, dragged his Sunday night assailant into his office, and compelled him to take off his white shirt. Attaching to it this placard: "A contribution for a coward," he fastened the garment to a pole and hung it out of his office window. Since then the father of the young lady has apologized to the doctor and invited him to call on his daughter as often as he pleases.

WHY SHE WAS LOVED.

It is related of Mme. De Circourt, at one time a reigning belle in Paris society, that her mother once said to her: "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time Mme. De Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good will toward every body made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unfailing interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

ORIGIN OF THE MEXICAN PULQUE.

The legend of its discovery is a pretty one and has taken so strong a hold upon the popular fancy that it remains fresh in memory even at the present day, having been the theme of poetry and the inspiration or art. It is said that when the Toltec Empire was at the height of its splendor, Tepancaltzin being upon the throne, a relative of the King, Papantzin by name, was led, through a happy accident, to observe the hidden virtues of the maguey. The gnawing of a rat in the pulpy body of the plant revealed the secret which nature had hitherto guarded so carefully and brought to the light that milky beverage which was destined to be the source of health and pleasure to countless thousands. Papantzin seems to have had some idea of the importance of his discovery, for he resolved to take the precious liquid up to court, deeming that it would be an acceptable present to the King. His lovely daughter Xochitl accompanied him, and it was from her fair hands that Tepancaltzin received the jarro of pulque. The monarch was so struck with the beauty of the maiden, which had earned for her the name of "Flower," that he fell desperately in love with her, and stealing her away from Papantzin, he kept her a willing prisoner in a charming retreat near the City of Tula. Such was the influence exerted by this Toltec Rosamond over the heart of her royal admirer that he afterwards acknowledged her as his Queen, and placed their son, Meconetzin, upon the throne. The latter, whose names signifies "the son of the Maguey," was so incapable of governing that he brought a speedy destruction upon the empire, the capital being destroyed by fire, and the old king, with Xochitl, perishing in the battle. Thus the past history of pulque is one fitted to point a moral and adorn a tale. At the present day, though shorn in great measure of its romance, there still remains much that is picturesque and poetical, and Mexico presents very few studies more interesting than that afforded by a visit to one of those numerous pulque haciendas with which the valley abounds.

A JAPANESE HOUSE.

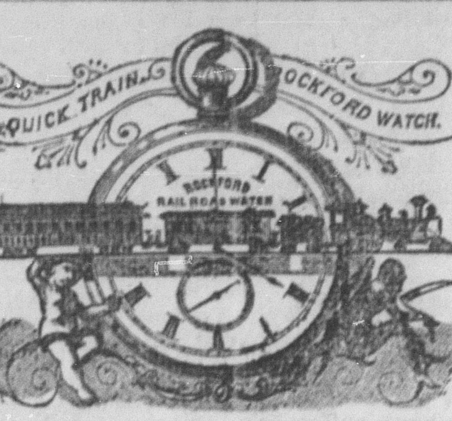
A New York dealer in Japanese goods has fitted into the back of his store a real Japanese house in miniature. Only two rooms, however, are represented, corresponding to our reception room and parlor; but these are complete and exact in detail. The house was brought to America from Japan in sections, and was put together by a Japanese artisan, after their custom, without nails, glue forming the necessary substitute. The material for the framework is of Japanese cedar bamboo; a strong, transparent paper form the little square panes for the windows, glass being only used by the lower classes. The mouldings of the rooms are of a very artistic and beautiful pattern, and the ceilings are bamboo, braided in different designs and colored in different shades of brown. The floors are especially curious, being made very elastic, a sort of split bamboo or straw forming a padding underneath the squares of matting, which are finished separately with a neat binding. The rooms in a Japanese house are designated by the number of pieces of matting required for each, as the seven, six or five matted room. The reception room is furnished with a sideboard with a rounded front, placed in one corner, on which are richly ornamented tea caddies, a huge teapot and all the accessories of a hospitable cup of tea, which they offer to all callers; and a very elaborate lacquer and bronze table near by holds a decorative jardiniere. A little sliding door of paper, gayly painted with Japanese flowers, separates this room from the inner one, or parlor. This is the "five-matted room," and I was on the floor a very curiously wrought artistic bronze incense burner, and on one side of it is the box holding the materials for burning the incense. A lacquer reading desk stands near, on which is a book, a scroll and a pair of exquisite candlesticks. Handsome raw silk rugs, which serve for chairs, are laid on the floor.

A PRETTY ALBUM.

Among new fancies is the leaf album. To make one only requires the exercise of a little care and patience. First get a slab of plate glass and spread upon it a daub of printer's ink; then get a small roller such as printers use, and roll it over the ink till the glass is equally covered; then lay the leaf—clean and freshly gathered—on the inked glass, and carefully draw the roller over it. Next lift the leaf by the stalk—using considerable tenderness because of the fragility of the subject—and place it between a folded sheet of paper; press and rub gently all over it, being careful not to let it alter its position. Then take the leaf out and you have a beautiful clean impression of both the front and back. The same effect might be got to a certain extent with lamp-black, oil-color or anything of that kind, but when it is done with printing ink it is not only far more clear and distinct, but permanent. A bit of common plate glass, or a bit of marble, or even a china palette, will suffice to put the ink upon—anything, in fact, so long as it presents a smooth surface, is non-metallic and non-absorbent.

Arasene, chenille, floscile embroidery silks—Garmans. 10

Every kind of stamping—Garmans. 10



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Stock of Gold Pens and Pencils can't be beat.

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Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

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KEPT IN A WELL REGULATEL STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

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J. W. MERSINGER,
Tusseyville, Pa.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

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To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics. We know we can do you good in

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TICKS, GINGHAMS,
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A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

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Our SUMMER supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!

GROCERIES,

FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

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ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 2[illegible] " "
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THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS'

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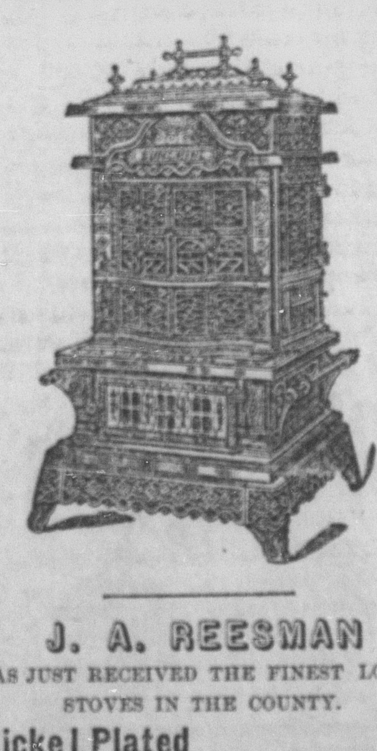

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AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

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In diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhoea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.

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DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.— Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is new fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely withou pain. my 2 78

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BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

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EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.
BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
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OUR FAMOUS WOMEN

This is an entirely new and original work just published, and is the joint production of 20 of our *greatest living authors*, including *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary Clemmer, Lucy Larcom*, and 11 other well known authors. These TWENTY *distinguished writers* here give for the first time, the complete history of the Lives and Deeds of 30 famous American women, most of whom are now living, whose lives have *never before* been written, and they tell *how they have won their way from obscurity to fame and glory*. For Thrilling Interest, Romantic Story, Spicy Humor, and Tender Pathos, this grand book is without a peer. *The Christian Advocate* says: "*This splendid book certainly is one of the very best and choicest subscription-books we have ever seen.*" It is splendidly illustrated with full-page engravings, besides many superb portraits *from special photographs*.

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AGENTS! This grand book is now out-selling all others 10 to 1. Ministers, Editors, Critics, etc., unqualifiedly endorse it and wish it Godspeed. We have many lady agents who have sold over 200 in their respective townships. We want a few good agents—men or women—in this vicinity at once. We give *Extra Terms* and *pay freight*. Now is the time to make money. Our Circulars, giving *Special Terms, Extracts, etc., sent free*. Correspondence invited. Address

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE 50c. and $1.00.
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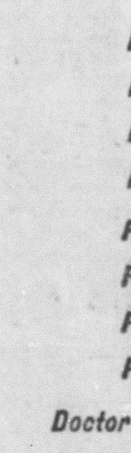
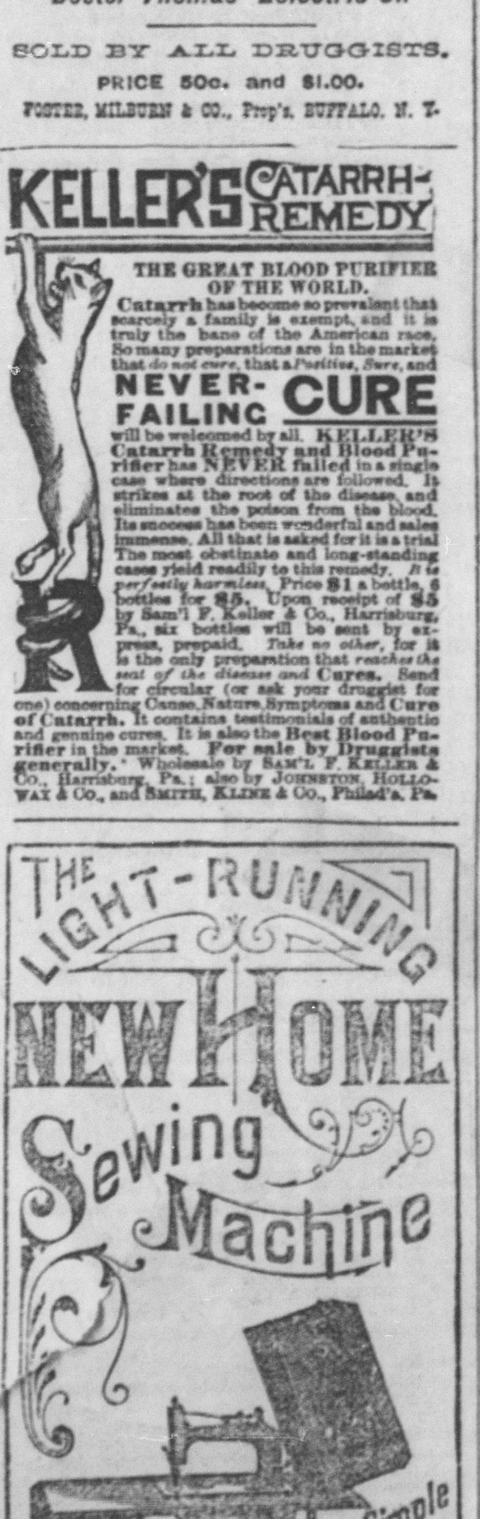


THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that do not cure, that a *Positive, Sure,* and **NEVER-FAILING CURE** will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other,* for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.



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Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
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A PREACHER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Says the Boston *Herald:* For thirty-one years Rev. David Walk, pastor of the Central Christian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., plodded along, confining his energies to preaching the Gospel, and paying no attention to the accumulation of worldly goods. Many years ago, then a pastor at Memphis, he made a trip to Kansas City. While there he observed a beautiful five-acre tract of ground which was so attractive as a residence site that he purchased it for $1,500. He has held it ever since, though it has been unproductive and calling for heavier taxes year by year. Much to his astonishment, a few days ago he received a letter offering $11,000 for the property. This was a nice little sum for pin money, but with an eye to business he declined the proposition, stating that he hoped to make a country residence of the place some time. The would-be purchaser wrote back and doubled his first offer. The next day Mr. Walk received a telegram offering $30,000 for the property. Finally, on inquiry, he learned that his five acres were in the heart of Kansas City, and would sell for almost any price he would ask, and that, without knowing it, he had gradually became a rich man. He will probably retire from the ministry at the close of his year, in April, and after spending a year in looking after his business matters, will go to Palestine to spend a year or more.

SECRET OF THE JUMPING BEAN.

The mystery of the jumping beans of Mexico was solved several years ago here on the Comstock. The explanation is simple enough; there is in each bean a worm whose instinct it is to so skip as to put the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground under the trees upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. The worm is a provision of nature by means of which the beans are distributed and planted. When the beans were brought here our Comstockers did not let the "concealment" of the "worm i' the bud" worry their "damask" cheeks, but "busted" the bean and went after the inner consciousness of the thing. When dug out of its nest the insect—which resemble those found in peas—continues to skip, and is able to hop to a foot or more.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

A MEXICAN PYRAMID.

Fresh proofs are reported to have been discovered of the existence of an ancient civilization in Mexico. In Sonora, about sixty miles southeast of the town of Madeleine, some explorers have found in the heart of a virgin forest a pyramid which is four thousand three hundred and fifty feet round the base and seven hundred and fifty feet high—that is to say nearly double the size of the great pyramid of Cheops. From the base to the summit there is a roadway on which vehicles can travel round the vast erection in a spiral. The outside walls are built of granite blocks carefully tooled and bedded. A little further off is a hillock, with hundreds of caverns or chambers cut in it, from five feet to fifteen feet wide and ten feet to fifteen feet long. They have no windows, and are entered by the roof. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and curious pictures with the feet and hands of men. Stone utensils have also been found there. Who the builders of these ancient monuments were is still unsettled, but, according to El Liberal, they probably belonged to Mayos, who formerly inhabited Sonora, and were a different race from the Indians, having blue eyes, a white skin, and blonde hair.

CANNIBALISM.

Until Mr. Hutchinson wrote it was not generally credited to cannibalism, but his evidence is not to be doubted. "In 1859," he says, "human flesh was exposed as butcher's meat in the market at Duketown, old Calabar." It almost seems that some religious grounds may actuate them, as the same writers says: "In Brass (or the Mimbe country) cannibalism often occurs. Even within the last year a chief of that district, named Imamy, killed two Aeroeka people who were sacrificed to the manes of his father. In Brass, as in Bonny, they eat all enemies taken in war, and they put forth, as a justification for this, that devouring the flesh of their enemies makes them brave." The account given by the same writer of the killing of a native for the purposes of cannibalism, of which he was an eye witness, is most admirably graphic and striking.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Bricks made of cork now constitute one of the new German industries. The usual size is ten by four and three-fourths and two a half inches. They are prepared from small corks, refuse and cement, and have not only been used for certain building purposes on account of their lightness and isolating properties, but are also employed as a covering for boilers in preventing the radiation of heat.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

A REMARKABLE STRUCTURE.

The new Cathedral of St. Savior at Moscow is a remarkable structure. It was built to commemorate the departure of the French army from Moscow. Three months after the retreat of the French a decree ordering the building of a memorial temple was issued by Alexander I. Plans were promptly prepared, but little progress was made for ten years, although the architect and building committee during that period succeeded in expending 4,000,000 rubles, for which they were banished, and their estates confiscated. The Emperor Nicholas adopted new plans, and selected the present site, which cost upward of £180,000. At the outset a nunnery and 70,000 cubic feet of earth had to be removed. On the 27th of July, 1838, the foundation stone was laid, and for twenty years the building slowly proceeded. In 1858 the scaffolding, which cost $40,000, was removed. Yet a quarter of a century more was required to complete the fittings and decoration. The style is ancient Russian. The five copper cupolas, for the gilding of which was required 900 pounds of gold, cost £170,000. The domes are surmounted by crosses, the centre one being 30 feet high, and 340 feet from the ground. The largest bell weighs 26 tons. The whole edifice is faced with marble, the doors are of bronze, ornamented with biblical subjects and lined with oak. The principal entrance is 30 feet high and 18 feet broad. Two of the doors weigh 13 tons, and the total cost of all the doors was £62,000. The building is erected in the form of a Greek cross. The walls are adorned with frescoes illustrating the chief events in the history of the Russian Church. The total cost of the marble in the building exceeded £300,000. The galleries contain thirty-six windows, and the cupolas sixteen, all double, with frames of bronze. Round the cupola is one row of 640 candelabra, which cost £27,000, and a second row of 600, costing £12,000. There are four lustres weighing four tons each. The total number of candles to be lighted throughout the building is upward of 3,000. The cost of materials and workmanship, aside from the altar space, was $36,000. Throughout the building are many of the most remarkable paintings produced by Russian artists. The whole cost of the structure is placed at two and a quarter millions of pounds sterling, and it is said to be capable of containing 10,000 worshipers.

A DREAM OF WEALTH.

Walnut Grove, in Walton county, is enjoying a remarkable sensation, says a correspondent of St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.* Among the most respected residents of the place is Miss Laura Shelnut, who has passed the meridian of youth, but remains an active participant in society events. Recently she had a dream. Before her eyes was spread the panorama of the surrounding country. A young man, elegantly dressed and ornamented with a red necktie, stepped up to her, and, pointing out a certain spot, told her to dig and wealth would be hers. Just then she awoke and the young man was gone, but the memory of the dream so troubled her that she slept no more that night. The dream was substantially repeated. So great an impression did it make that she arose and went to bed no more that night. The third night she again had the dream, which so impressed her that on the following morning she went out, and sure enough, at the designated spot, about three feet under ground, she found a small tin box filled with coined gold. There are witnesses both to the finding and digging up of the box of gold. The whole community is excited over finding the treasure.

TRICK OF TRADE.

They do say that salespeople in shoe stores have a unique way of deceiving lady customers. Their method is to lay aside a pair of shoes to which some trivial objection has been made and bring forth others, which are tried on without success. Then the salesperson suddenly remembers that a few hours previous there arrived a case of sample shoes which have not yet been put upon the market. After a few moments spent in another part of the establishment the attendant comes forth with the first pair of shoes condemned, done up in an elegant box, which is unwrapped with due ceremony and the shoes held before the customer's eyes in a way that is both tempting and convincing. "This is a new style," says the salesperson, "and one that will become popular." "Have none of them been sold yet?" asked the customer. "No, madam; let me try this on you. Ah! just your fit, and gives your foot an uncommonly pretty look!" Nine times out of ten does the trick work and the customer makes the purchase, all unconscious of the fact that she has a shoe which has been in the store probably for months, and to which she took exception but a short time before. It may be very wicked to deceive the ladies in this kind of a style, but the seller eases his conscience by declaring that it is a deception which has done no harm, while it aided him to make a sale.

Good advice is like a policeman, in that it is often to be met with when unsought, but when really wanted, seldom, if ever, to be found.

Start in the new year with the Reporter and the N. Y. Weekly World, at $2.60, or with a new name at $2.50 for the two papers one year.

Woman's Province.

THE DUTIES OF THE GENTLER SEX—HOW BEST FULFILLED.

What a great task is assigned to woman. Its dignity can not be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to beat the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instil correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferer in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty. Yet how can she fulfill her mission unless possessed of a strong and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as PERUNA, is just the thing for persons suffering from a majority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, is a noted example of what the medicine can do. She says she has suffered for years with congestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She had tried a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure her. She was induced to try PERUNA, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ceased and in a short time her other ailments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to PERUNA. Mr. J. W. Reynolds, her husband, was a confirmed invalid. He could not sleep well, neither could he work. He used PERUNA, and as a result, was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man.

Mr. Bernhardt Seubs, St. Clair, St. Clair county, Mich., says: "I have thoroughly tried your PERUNA in the various diseases to which parents and a large family of children are ever liable, and I find it in every case to be just the thing needed. No family can honestly be without it."

Nancy Feterman, Cookport, Indiana County, Pa., says: "*Gentlemen:* Your valuable PERUNA is the best medicine I ever used."

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1884.
Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon......	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar..	6.00	9.30	10.25	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv..	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground...	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl..............	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg.......	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg......	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			le3.00	
Millmont.........	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton.......	8.33			3.40	
Coburn...........	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall...	10.39				
Linden Hall..	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall........	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall...					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn.........		6.18			2.20
Laurelton....		7.30			3.40
Millmont......		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg.ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg....		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl........		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar.	5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.10	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.54 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WM'PT AC'N	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passger' Agent

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store.

J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.
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THAT
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PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered?
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THE LARGEST STOCK!

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——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

Wanted in Every Family

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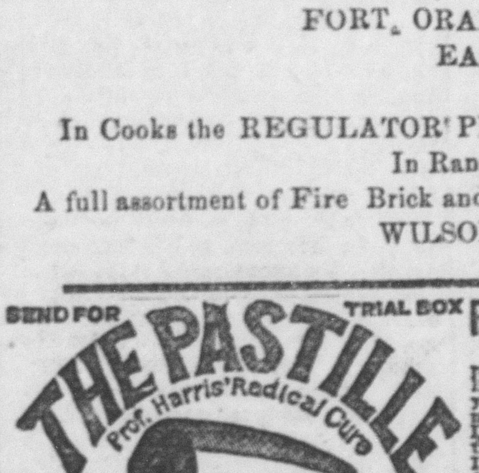

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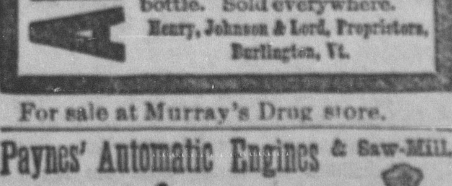

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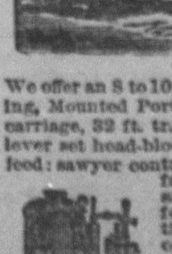

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BELOVED NIGHT.

Beloved night! That lettest down
  Thy curtain on our griefs and fears,
In vaulty deepness dost thou drown
  Our frets and falling tears?

In thine engulphing swallow up
  Life's plainings and its poignancies,
The foam flood of love's brimming cup,
  And its outwringed lees?

Though in thy beauty thou art dumb,
  And canst not speak to us again,
From out thy vastness sems to come
  An answer to our pain.

As though from all those lustrous eyes,
  In heaven's mysterious face alight,
A glance thou bend'st to sympathize
  With us—beloved night!

GRANNY'S EXPERIENCE.

It was the evening of the donation party at the Rev. Simeon Slide's.

At Grovehill they had not many excitements, and to the simple villagers this donation party was as thrilling an event as the charity ball would be to a town belle, or a court presentation to a London debutante.

Jessie Field had retrimmed her white muslin dress with apple green ribbon, and even aunt Betsey had washed and ironed the French cambric dress which constituted the cream of her wardrobe, and basted fresh lace frillings into the neck and sleeves.

The squire himself, blacking his boots on the kitchen porch, congratulated himself, in a complacent sort of way, on the contents of the box-wagon, which stood under the shade of the old apple tree.

"If everybody takes as creditable a load to the parson's as that," said the squire, "I guess they won't starve there. A ham, a bag o' mixed chicken-feed, a firkin of first-class butter, six dressed fowls. a bushel o' russet apples, and a loaf of plum-cake, made arter grandmother Field's receipt; and besides all that——"

"Good gracious pa!" said Jessie who was tucking away her curls under the strings of her split-straw gipsy hat, "how are aunt Bess and I ever going to ride with all that load?"

"Well," said the squire, with an oleaginous little chuckle, "you'll have to contrive it somehow. One of you can sit on the butter-firkin, and sort o' steady it, and there's plenty o' room for the other along o' me on the seat, and hold the plum-cake on your lap. And coming back I ain't noways disturbed but that you'll get plenty o' beaux, gals always do. The moon will be at its full, and Peter Peck and Hiram Jellifer is both to be there and——"

"Don't talk nonsense, pa!" said Jessie, laughing, and looking provokingly pretty, just as aunt Betsey, glancing over her shoulder into the glass, saw the reflection of her own face and sighed softly.

Ah the sad difference between eighteen and thirty!

"I was pretty too, when I was a girl," said aunt Betsey to herself. I don't suppose I am positively ill-looking now. But the dimples are gone and the roses, and the smooth velvety curves of cheek and chin. There are crow's-feet around my eyes, and a wrinkle on my forehead, and when I go to parties I am left to sit among the old ladies by the wall."

But Miss Betsey Field did not speak out these words; she only said—

"There'll be plenty of room, Jessie. I shall go on to the parsonage at once, and help Mrs. Slide get ready for the evening. She needs some one to assist her, with her sickly daughter and all those little children."

"So kind and thoughtful of you aunt, Bess!" said Jessie, with a kiss. "But you're always thoughtful. You're the darlingest little old maid that ever was."

So Betsey Field set out to walk down the sunny, grass-carpeted lawn, while Jessie leisurely finished her toilet and pinned fresh roses into her belt. Peter Peck, who lived up on a comfortable farm on the mountain had shot a deer in the woods—like Nimrod of old he was a mighty hunter on the face of the earth—and prepared a quarter of venison, neatly wrapped in a linen cloth, for his share of the donation party. Old Mrs. Peck, his grandmother, had fished a jar of apple sauce out of the cellar, and dressed some tender spring chickens.

"I'm past going to church myself," said granny Peck, "but I always was one to believe in the dissemination of the Gospel, so I don't grudge the chickens and the apple sass. Be sure you carry 'em careful, Peter, and——"

"Granny!" suddenly burst in the honest young giant, who was tying his cravat before the glass with laborious fingers, "how many years is it since grandfather courted you?"

"Good land o' Goshen!" said granny Peck, "what is the boy talkin' about?"

"Because I want to know what he said," said Peter, reddening to the very roots of his hair.

"I'm a goin' courtin' myself, granny, and I hain't had no experience, and I don't know how to go to work."

"Well I never!" said granny Peck.

"Try to remember, there's a good soul!" urged Peter coaxingly.

"It's so long ago," said granny Peck, with a sympathetic moisture beginning to suffuse her bleared eyelids. "Times is changed now."

"But human natur' is human natur', just the same," said Peter. "How was it, granny?"

"He took me out a-ridin'," said the old lady, assisting her memory with a goodly pinch of rose-scented snuff.

"That's it ezactly," said Peter. "I've harnessed up Red Robin, and washed off the wagon, and I calculate to ask her to ride home with me from the donation party."

"And it was a very dreadful moonshiny night——" reflectively added the old lady.

"Moon's at the full," exultingly muttered Peter. "I believe there's a fate in it!"

"And he set up close to me, and squeezed my hand with the hand he wasn't a drivin' with, and he said I was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen, and could I be contented to come and live at Hawk's farm.

"And we was married the next fall. Ah, deary me, deary me! how long ago all that seems!"

"It sounds easy enough," said Peter despondently. But I'd rather clear off a whole patch o' hickory woods."

"Don't be afraid, Peter," said the old lady, laying a kindly hand on his right shoulder, "If she's a gal wuth havin', she'll know you're a good lad, And I'll bet a cookey she'll say 'Yes.'"

"I only wish I could think so, granny," said Peter, with a sigh.

"Is it Kate Lanney?" said Mrs. Peck, "or Mary Elsley?"

"'Taint neither one," said Peter sheepishly. "It's Jessie Field!"

"Land o' massey!" said granny Peck, elevating her withered hands. "What on airth is a pretty pink-and-white piece of china like her to do in a wild place like this?"

"She's as smart as a steel-trap," said Peter.

"Don't you worry, granny. Once I get her here, you'll see that she'll be all right."

So Peter piled his venison, and chickens and jar of apple-sauce into the back of the roomy old buggy, and drove away to the donation party as full of hopes and fears as any young girl. And when he saw Hiram Jellifer, the village store-clerk, enter, all redolent of pomatum and cologne, in a city-cut suit of clothes, and hair brushed to a peak over his forehead, his heart sank within him.

"I hain't no chance at all,' he thought.

"Jessie," whispered aunt Betsey to her niece, as they were clearing the dining-room for the games which followed upon the old-fashioned supper, "do take a little notice of poor Peter Peck. See how his eyes are following you. And you have hardly been decently polite to him."

"Peter Peck. indeed!" said Jessie, radiant in the consciousness of being the prettiest girl in the room I couldn't possibly be bothered with him, aunt Bess; none of your backwoodsmen for me!

"You can go and talk with him yourself, if you please."

But aunt Betsey shyer than any child, shrank blushingly away.

"No," said she, ' I couldn't do that. I—I am so little acquainted with him."

Half-an-hour afterwards, Peter Peck, unable to make up his mind to ask pretty Jessie to allow him to take her home with Red Robin and the buggy, sidled up to the squire.

"Squire," said he, jerking the words out with an effort, "can I take Miss Field home?"

"Much obleeged, I'm sure," said the squire. "I have the box-wagon here: but I don't mind riding home alone, if so be as you'd like company."

Peter drew a long breath.

"It's as good as settled now," said he to himself.

His heart beat high when in the misty moonlight, a slight figure came out, under Squire Field's escort, all muffled, shawled and veiled, against the chill, fresh air of the autumn evening. And not until they were safe out on the high road, at Red Robin's best trot, did he credit his extraordinary good luck in thus securing a tete-a-tete with the belle of the evening.

"It's a nice shiny evening," said he sheepishly.

"Very," answered a soft voice.

"I hope I don't crowd you?" he hazarded.

"Oh not in the least," responded his companion.

And then followed an appalling silence, broken at last by the vehement accents of the young farmer.

"It aint no use skirmishin' around like this," said he. It's got to be said, and the sooner I say it the better, because it's a-chokin' of me all the while! I love you, Miss Field! I can't live nohow, without you. There, it's all out now."

Oh, Mr. Peck!" faltered Miss Field.

"Do you s'pose," said honest Peter, with a dim remembrance of his grandmother's lesson, 'you could be happy at Hawk's Farm?"

"Oh, Mr. Peck!"

"But say yes or no!" pleaded Peter "Will you be my wife, Miss Field?"

And the word which floated upon Peter's ears, through the veils and wraps which he was now valorously hugging close up to him was "Yes!"

"I never was so happy in all my life,' said Peter rapturously.

"Nor I," whispered the voice behind the veil.

And then Peter took courage to kiss her, and then Red Robin shied at a tree stump and then, all too soon, appeared Squire Field's large red house behind the apple trees.

And Peter helped his fiance out as tenderly as if she were a box of solid gold and he a miser,

And up dashed Mr. Hiram Jellifer's varnished side-box road wagon, and turning around, Peter Peck saw springing from it Jessie Field.

Was it witchcraft? Nothing of the sort. There, close to him, smiling and blushing in the moonlight, with her veil thrown aside was Miss Betsey.

And it was Miss Betsey to whom he had proposed, and Miss Betsey who had accepted him. Peter Peck gave a convulsive gasp for breath. What was he to do? Should he tell Miss Betsey that it was all a mistake—that he had taken her for her niece, or should he——

But at that instant he caught a fleeting glimpse of Jessie's radiant face turned up to Jellifer's and it was like a revelation to him.

"Hang it all!" groaned Peter to himself, "that other fellow has been ahead of me! And I don't care a halfpenny—she's only a feather-headed little coquette after all, and Miss Betsey is worth two of her, and I ain't so very young myself, and there never was a Peck yet that didn't stick by a thing when once he'd said it."

So, taking Miss Betsey's arm tenderly under his own, he proceeded valiantly into the house to ask the squire's consent and blessing.

As for Jessie, she lingered long under the trees in the moonlight, talking with Mr. Jellifer.

When at last she came upstairs to the room which aunt and niece shared together she looked earnestly at her companion.

"Aunt Bess," said she, "what is the matter? Why do you look so happy?"

"Because Mr. Peck has asked me to marry him," replied aunt Betsey softly, "and I have answered him yes."

"Well if that isn't strange!" cried Jessie squeezing and kissing her still youthful aunt. "And I have engaged myself to Hiram Jellifer. Oh, aunt Bess, what a sweet, bright happy world this is!"

"It is—it is!" answered aunt Bess.

And then strange to say they both cried.

Granny Peck was sitting up, by her candle and fire when at last Peter came home.

"Well Peter," said she "what luck?"

"It's all right granny," said Peter. "I've asked her, and she has consented, and I'm to bring her here in three months."

Granny Peck looked doubtfully around. "Well," said she, "I'm glad you've succeeded, Peter. But I'm a little afeard all these home spun things won't be fine enough for Miss Jessie Field."

"Jessie!" echoed Peter, with an excellent imitation of surprise. "It ain't Jessie at all. Jessie is going to marry that Jellifer fellow. It's Miss Bessie Field the squire's sister, as I've proposed to."

"Well, I never!" said Granny Peck, "How could I have been so mistook?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter stolidly.

The Lapps in Summer.

The Lapps seemed to consider the interior of their houses somewhat stuffy on a summer night for they were all lying in the open air, wrapped in their rugs of reindeer skin—men, women, and children, and the old grandmother of all the Lapps. The men wear tight trousers and jackets of untanned leather, as do also their children, and the women have a sort of loose blouse of the same material, stopping above the knees, their legs being smathed in cloth, bound in long strips of leather.

They are a very un prepossessing race of quaint elfish looking little creatures, with straight, sandy colored hair, small grey eyes. The men have stubbly moustaches, suggestive of a retired tooth brush. They are all undersized, the average height of the men being five feet, and the women four and a half. When the others had departed to seek the reindeer, we made friends with a woman who was by herself in a small grass hut, and who very proudly exhibited her new-born baby—a queer little creature, with a yellow, leathery looking face. The babies are strapped on to boards, and so carried on the maternal back, after the manner of the Indian papoose.

Swiss Stamps.

A wholesale manufactory of Swiss stamps of old issues has just been discovered in Zurich. The forgers have gone about their work very thoroughly; they have collected scraps of old letters bearing post-marks with various dates from 1843 to 1860; and the better to deceive the unwary, they have stuck the stamps on to these pieces of envelope.

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress, and happiness of man. So far as it fulfils that, it is success; so far as it sacrifices that, it is a bubble which bursts and is seen no more. This is its mission in the world; and a grand mission it is—one on which every true worker must fix his eye and to which he must direct his steps.

Bad Air.

When a person has remained for an hour or more in a crowded and poorly ventilated room or railroad car, the system is already contaminated to a greater or less extent by breathing air vitiated by exhalations from the lungs, bodies and clothing of the occupants. The immediate effect of these poisons is to delibitate, to lower vitality, and to impair the natural power of the system to resist disease. Hence it is that persons who are attacked by inflammatory diseases, as pneumonia or rheumatism, can generally trace the beginning of the disease to a chill felt on coming out of a crowded room into the cold or damp air, wearing perhaps thin shoes and insufficient clothing. If these facts were generally understood and acted upon, thousands of lives might be saved every year. It is a well known fact that men who "camp out," sleeping on the ground at all seasons of the year, seldom have pneumonia, and that rheumatism with them, comes, as a rule, only from unwarranted imprudences. There are two facts that should be learned by every person capable of appreciating them, and should never be lost sight of for a moment.

One is that exhalations from the lungs—the breath—are a deadly poison, containing the products of combustion in the form of carbonic acid gas, and if a person were compelled to reinhale it unmixed with the oxygen of the air, it would prove as destructive to life as the fumes of charcoal.

This is an enemy that is always present, in force, in assemblies of people, and only a constant and free infusion of fresh air prevents it from doing mischief that would be immediately apparent. The other fact is that pure air is the antidote to this poison. The oxygen of the air is the greatest of purifiers. Rapid streams of water that pass through large cities, receiving the sewage, become pure again through the action of the air after running a few miles. Air is the best of all "blood purifiers." Combined with vigorous exercise to make it effective, it will cure any curable case of consumption.

The Min River.

Chinese junks and Chinese jife-boats in general are singularly fascinating from an artistic point of view, and I had ample opportunities of improving my acquaintance with them while living in a house-boat on the river Min, above Foo-Choo, and also during a visit to friends, whose home, in the Chinese quarter of Nantai (facing the city of Foo-Choo), lay on the brink of the river, which at certain states of tide, is literally covered with native vessels of all shapes and sizes. It is so extraordinary to watch large junks coming down the river mid-stream, propelled only by two gigantic sculls, one on each side of the ship, and each worked by about a dozen men. The end of this huge oar is attached to the junk by a strong leathern thong, and the scull works round and round circultously, somewhat on the principal of the screw. All the time the men are at this, or any other labor involving continuous action (such as rowing or dragging a heavy cart), they keep up the ceaseless chorus.

There are generally a multitude of singularly picturesque junks lying at anchor just below the great bridge of Ten Thousand Ages (Wanshowkeaou) which connects the Isle of Nantai with the mainland of Foo-Choo; and many delightful hours have I spent rowing among these to select the most striking group, and then sketching peacefully from the house-boat which lay securely moored at the point thus chosen. But no brush—certainly not mine—could convey any correct impression of these strange scenes—these extraordinary combinations of form and color. Here we have a whole flotilla moored side by side and we look up at the extraordinary high sterns, so fantastic in shape, covered with brilliant pictures of huge birds, and gruesome dragons, or groups of mythological scenes. Emerald green, scarlet, white and gold, sienna and madder and Prussian blue are so freely used, that even the gorgeous and very varied banners can scarcely excel the brilliancy of the vessel.

But the overhanging stern and huge, unwieldy rudder cast deep shadows, which are carried down in the reflections, and the gray granite bridge, and gray and white clouds softening the blue sky and the distant hills, harmonize the whole. Now we may change our position, so as to watch the great timber junks taking on their cargo. I say 'on' advisedly, for it is all fastened on outside, and only the stem and stern of a laden vessel are visible, so great is the bulk of timber fastened to her on either side; of course she thus becomes exceedingly buoyant, for the cargo is self supporting, floating on its own account. The prow of these vessels is shaped and painted to represent the face of a gigantic and gaudy fish, with huge staring eyes, and the heavy anchor hung from its mouth. Very quaint, too are the huge sails of brown or yellow matting, supported by cross-ribs of bamboo.

After a wet night all the sails are run up to dry at early morning, and when half furled the bamboo ribbing is singularly suggestive of the wing of the flying-fish from which doubtless the idea was first taken. When a junk is fully laden, and on the eve of sailing, the crew commend themselves to the Sea Dragoon in a frightfully noisy religious service. Offerings of food are thrown into the sea, and one of the crew holds up burning joss paper toward the sun, while the others produce an ear-splitting din on gongs and cymbals. During the service the whole vessel, but especially the stern, is decorated with banners of every shape and every conceivable device. Thus the protection of the Sea Dragon is invoked, and the timber junks start on their seaward journey.

The sampans, the family house-boat, are one of the most curious phases of domestic life in China. There are many thousands of them on every great river, and here at Foo-Choo it was an endless source of interest to watch these from our verandas on the river's brink. They particularly prove the old truism that "man wants but little here below," for the "little" which forms the clean and apparently happy home of three generations is a boat about the size of two four-post beds set end to end, and covered at night by a series of telescopic sliding roofs of bamboo matting. Here man and wife, grandparents and little children, cook, sleep and worship; for no matter how tiny the boat, the family altar is never crowded out. It occupies the place of honor, and the very poorest often contrive to lay aside a few cash to buy flowers to place before the little image of the goddess of mercy, with the young child, and a few sticks of incense to burn, when at sunrise and sunset the family specially commend themselves to her care. A large number, of the sampan population at Foo-Choo have attached themselves to the Roman Catholic mission, and these are distinguished by the substitution of the blessed Virgin and child, and by the little brass crucifix or medallion worn by the family.

As To Protecting Roses.

As a general thing roses are probably covered too early—and probably too closely also. About Thanksgiving time, when hard freezing weather sets in, is generally the right time here for covering the roses; but the season varies in different years, as well as the plan for covering. One method is to put earth about the bush to the height of eight or ten inches, putting it on cone fashion, and outside of this a liberal dressing of stable compost. As the earth is next the stock, there is no danger of heating, even under a bed of snow or in a warm, "open" winter. After the ground freezes it is well to put on some leaves or pine boughs. These can be removed early in the spring, but the other covering should only be removed gradually and according to the advance of the season—the compost, of course, being spaded in, as food for the plant, when the spring is well established. Probably the rosebush will be found winter-killed at the top, but that does not matter—the wood would have to be pruned down, anyway, as the blossoms are always on the young wood.

Another way is to peg down the bush close to the ground, cover it over with six or eight inches of leaves, or rough litter, which is quite as well—the bed of clear leaves is apt to pack down too tightly. Over it place some evergreen boughs, to hold the leaves against gales of wind. If covered too early the shoots will be smothered and decay. It is important, too, not to remove the covering too soon in the spring and to do it gradually. A part may be removed in this neighborhood about March 20, usually, but that will depend on the season; the remainder at say two different times up to the middle or the twentieth of April. It is better to be a week too late than a day to soon. If the roses are well established and healthy plants this latter method will save them as a rule. It will generally work better, probably, than the one first described. More roses have been lost, about Hartford, for example, from over protection—from too heavy and close covering—than from the opposite extreme.

An Abyssinian Belle.

With a large majority of the native females in Turkey, the prevailing tint is yellow. Nine out of ten of them are pigeon-toed and all the blondes have freckles. They never wither and dry up in growing old, as do the natives to the north and west, but fatten and grow oily, developing ridges where they ought to be hollows, growing at the edges and settling in height, until at early womanhood they have no more shape or figure than a Hubbard squash. If I were to have my choice of the whole invoice, I should take an Abyssinian brunette. They are divinely tall and slender and black as the ace of spades. The features are clearly cut and regular, the eyes liquid and the lips red and full. The hair is black and waving, but somewhat coarse in fiber. They dress in pure white, and the black face and red lips against the white setting of the burnous give an effect that is as enchanting as a picture.

Wealth is not always fortune.

Concession is the best peacemaker.

Never play at any game of chance.

A good example is the best sermon.

The brave only know how to forgive.

A man is not so soon healed as hurt.

A good garden may have some weeds.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

To suffer for having acted well, is itself a species of recompense.

There never was a mask so gay but some tears were shed behind it.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.

Society is a crucible in which all gold melts. Out of it is drawn only one or two prizes—vanity or disgust.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long suffering.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.

The fruits of true wisdom are modesty and humility. A vain or proud man is in a positive sense an ignorant man.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a good mind. Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from impatience.

The same littleness of soul which makes a man despise his inferiors and trample on them makes him obsequious to superiors.

It is a wrong use of my understanding to make it the rule and measure of another man's; a use which it is neither fit for nor capable of.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; and what nature will he honor who honors not the human.

Good breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

It is only in some corner of the brain which we have empty that vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at our door be able to say; "No room for your ladyship—pass on."

True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with everything that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short Spring days were an eternity.

Rumor is a pipe, blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures; and of so easy and so plain a stop that the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—the still discordant wavering multitude—can play upon it.

If you have great talents industry will improve them; if very moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor. Nothing is ever to be attained without it.

How much pleasanter this world would be to live in were it as easy to go to to bed at night as it is to remain there in the morning and as easy to get up in the morning as it is to talk of getting up when you go to bed.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all suffering, he may know also the eternal consolation.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion. When such occasions do occur, our self-love always induces a decision in favor of their judgment.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and they also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit, that is the way to wealth that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds, but a pence.

The sea drowns both ship and sailor, like a grain of dust, and we call it fate; but let him learn to swim, let him trim his bark, and the water which drowned him will be cloven by it, and will carry it like its own foam—a plume and a power.

What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.

To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change. How can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change indeed is painful, yet never needful; and, if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I have met with a good many people
In jogging o'er life's varied way;
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The crabbed, the grave and the gay;
I have travelled with beauty, with virtue,
I have been with the ugly and bad,
I have laughed with the ones who were merry,
And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned on my journey—
Ne'er to judge one by what he appears,
The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter
Oft battle to keep back the tears.
And long, sanctimonious faces
Hide often the souls that are vile,
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind,
In hearts the most gentle and loving
Some blemish or fault we can find;
But yet I have ne'er found the creature
So low, so depraved, or so mean,
But had some good impulse, some virtue
That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I have learned that most friendships
We make are as brittle as glass,
Just let a reverse overtake us—
Our "friends" on the "other side" pass,
But, ah! I have found some few loyal—
Some hearts ever loving and true!
And the joy and the peace they have brought me
Have cheered me my whole journey through.

MUSH AND MATHEMATICS.

"There are a few things that I can comprehend, but how a woman can like to putter with flour and sugar, and gravies and salads, etc., is as far beyond any intellectual conception of mine as the drumming together of universal atoms or the action of the moon upon the waters, or the getting up of the moon herself."

The speaker, Mrs. Louise Stapleton, wife of Ross Stapleton, professor of Greek in —— college, appeared so much in earnest as she wonderingly surveyed her friend, who had acknowledged a liking for domestic pursuits, that the latter lady could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

"You don't mean to tell me," Mrs. Stapleton added, "that you like to peel potatoes?"

"No, I do not," her companion responded. "I do not like to prepare any vegetables for cooking. But I would rather do that than not cook at all."

"You goose!" exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton. "Why under the sun have you not married, then, instead of teaching the higher mathematics for a living?"

"My dear Mrs. Stapleton, you speak as if I could have been married had I been so inclined. I have almost forgotten, it is so long ago, but in my day it was the fashion for men to elect what manner of women they should make their wives."

"The professor wondered about that pate yesterday, and he has speculated more than enough about the clam soup you made before we came up here," Mrs. Stapleton remarked musingly, entirely ignoring her companion's pleasantry. "But I promised you I wouldn't tell, and wild horses couldn't drag it out of me, though I confess that tame horses might, if I thought it wise for Ross to know. But the very first thing he would say would be something like this: 'But, my child'—did you ever notice that professors of dead languages always address their wives as children?—everything seems so young that isn't very old, you know—'but, my child, why don't you learn to make clam soup? A plate like that we had the other day would be very nice occasionally.' No, ma'am, I have brought my husband up very well so far, and in a case of emergency it would come a good deal more natural to him to go to the kitchen than expect me to. You see, Frances, that such a well-organized establishment must be perpetuated. Clam soup and pates must not be allowed to disturb its harmony. But, all the same, as I remarked before, I cannot understand how a woman can like to cook. Haven't I heard you say that you like to teach also?"

"The last liking is quite secondary to the first," Miss Lyman replied. "But I can make more money teaching the higher mathematics that I can as a cook. Then, too, the cook would hanker now and then for the library and the drawing-room, and an indulgence of such desires would be fatal to the position. No; the only way that I can manage to enjoy this talent is by cooking in the kitchens of my friends, as you are kind enough to allow me to do once in a while."

Frances Lyman's face was of the speaking order. Her large gray eyes shone like stars, and her mouth was certainly made for smiles, if not for kisses. Her voice was low and rich, and she spoke so slowly that she was not infrequently accused of affectation by those who did not know her. There was nerve strength about this woman, a moral and physical tone, which contrasted strongly with the quick, brilliant style and chic of her companion.

"You can cook as much as you please, my dear—provided—" Mrs. Stapleton replied. "Why, Frances, my mother's French cook cannot hold a candle to you, and beside the professional beauty that graces my kitchen you are as the light of the noon-day sun to the flickering flame of a tallow dip. Where did you learn to do these things?"

"Given a talent, the rest is simple enough," Mrs. Lyman answered. "But seriously," she added, after a pause, "I am sometimes disturbed by the thought that it may perhaps be wrong to hold a true talent in subordination to something not so sacred."

"But you are surely a successful teacher," said Mrs. Stapleton.

"In the positive degree; and this I think is entirely due to a reflection from the real talent. I bring to my scholars the element of domesticity, which all young people are quick to detect. If a class-room is homelike and a teacher sympathetic, that will make up in a considerable degree for deficiency of talents."

"Cook, teacher, philosopher," laughed Mrs. Stapleton. "And much the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

The conversation took place in Prof. Stapleton's country residence in the Catskill mountains, where they were spending their Easter vacation. It was a cosy establishment, quite unpretentious, but fitted up with every convenience, and most delightfully situated. Here the Professor rested from his labors, and forgot the dead languages, and the long-vanished past in the enjoyment of the present beauty. His wife, with that subtle elasticity of temperament which finds its choicest rest in constant exercise, flitted from one point of interest to another, and grew so luminous with health and enthusiasm that the professor called her his electric light.

Three days of the ten set apart for this vacation had flown by, when the mistress of the house appeared in the guest-chamber with a face upon which was written the deepest annoyance.

"Now we are in the nine hole, Frances," she said. "The cook has just received a telegram containing news of the death of a fifteeth cousin. She will take the next stage in spite of all my remonstrances and all my offers to increase her temporal store. The president of —— college will be here to dinner to-day, and all the sweetness of my nature has turned to gall. I told Ross not to invite President Lambeth this time. He always has to be catered to—can't sit down to a table like a Christian and eat what is put before him. I could make beds and wipe dishes, I suppose, and we three could get along somehow; but this is impossible, because of a man's disobedience. Well, laugh," she added, as her companion's mirth could no longer be restrained; "but I think such behavior in a husband is actionable. Half an hour ago I needed only a pair of wings to make me a full-fledged angel. Now a cloven foot would be more appropriate.'

"Please let me tell you what to do," said Miss Lyman, calmly. "Your discomfiture is my opportunity, you see. We are told that 'there never was a loss without some gain, and having demonstrated this statement to be a fact, I long ago tendered my allegiance to the doctrine of compensation."

"I don't see what bearing the doctrine of compensation has upon this particular muddle," Mrs. Stapleton replied. "We might perhaps be able to hire an idiot in this benighted neighborhood, but that is the best we can do."

"I was about to advise," Miss Lyman remarked, "that you have the horse harnessed as quickly as possible, and then drive round the village, and bring home as intelligent an idiot as you can find. How long is President Lambeth to stay?"

"Four days—four dreadful days."

"Find me a girl who can wash dishes and work under my directions, and I will gladly do the cooking. I assure you that I would not mind doing all the kitchen work if it were not that I must take back to college a pair of presentable hands. Of course my dear, I cannot sit at the table with you while your guest is here, because I shall be obliged to see that the courses are properly prepared and brought on. The president need not even see me."

"Why, I will never submit to such an arrangement as that in the world," Mrs. Stapleton protested. "What would Ross say? Why, don't you see that even if I could permit such a thing, it would never do?"

"But when I tell you that I would infinitely prefer to spend four days in your kitchen than in any other way that I can think of, will you not manage the professor—you know so well how to do this—and grant me the greatest privilege of my own life?"

"Frances Lyman, you are a—a—an egregious goose, and you really must excuse me; but the statement of your preferences has very much the same effect upon me that the story of Jack and the bean stalk used to have in my younger days. I never believed a word of it."

"Then punish me, my dear, by taking me at my word," her companion responded

"Poetic justice that," said Mrs. Stapleton, laughingly. "Well, I'll see. I suppose I can coax Ross; only he'll say, 'Why, my dearest child, you ought to know how to do these things yourself.' And here's the rub, Frances. Such a notion would never enter his dear old cryptographal head unless you first put it there."

"Mrs. Stapleton, if your husband has that kind of head, no such idea will ever strike it unless it is first written in cypher, and you are not the woman to take all that trouble. So please calm your mind, and leave your kitchen and your husband to me. I promise that no harm shall come to either, or to yourself."

And so it came to pass that the teacher of the higher mathematics in —— college was duly installed as cook in Mrs. Stapleton's kitchen. This lady was successful in her hunt for an idiot; but notwithstanding the *non compos* character of the temporary scullion, everything moved smoothly in Miss Lyman's particular province.

The professor who seemed to see considerable fun in this arrangement, got in the habit of calling upon the cook several times daily, much to the discomfiture of his wife, who professed to see in these visits the complete ruin of her domestic peace.

"I told you just how it would be," Mrs. Stapleton said to her friend; "but if that man ever says to me, 'Child I, wish you would learn to do these things,' I will box his ears, and you may depend upon it."

The dyspeptic and overworked president was so enthusiastic in regard to the various dishes that were prepared expressly for him that he never ceased to ask questions concerning this most remarkable caterer to a weak digestion. Porter-house steak, chopped to a pulp, made into symmetrical balls, and broiled to a turn, brown bread, cream gruel, inspiring soups, mushes of every description—indeed, these last were of such an uncommon quality, and were so liberally partaken of by the distinguished guest, that Mrs. Stapleton requested her cook to desist, for fear that so much mush would have a softening effect upon the gentleman's brain.

"You must excuse me, professor," he remarked one morning at breakfast, after having spoken of the improved state of his health, due to the excellent treatment he had received at the hands of this "wonderful concoctor of mushes," as her hostess was wont to call her. "for saying so much about the genius of your kitchen, but I was never so well treated in my life before. You tell me that this cook is only with you temporarily. Can you inform me if she is engaged after she leaves here?"

The professor's eyes twinkled as he replied.

"My wife will find out and let you know," he said. "Fanny is rather a superior sort of person, in every respect. Quite intelligent, Mrs. Stapleton informs me."

"Good taste, skill, quickness of perception, large ideality, and marked benevolence," said the president, "are woman's distinguishing qualities."

"That's Fanny to a dot,' the hostess observed, appreciatively.

"Yes, and the ability to perform such culinary miracles would be a credit to anybody," the guest went on.

"I wonder what time a lady would find for anything else if she gave herself up body and soul to the stew-pan and the mush pot?" Mrs. Stapleton responded in her quick, impetuous fashion.

"Ample time, I should think," said the professor, blandly, who never knew whether his wife was really annoyed or feigning to be so. It might require a little patience to teach a servant how to do these beautiful things," he continued: "but once taught—"

"Yes, once taught," his wife interrupted, a little snappishly, her guest thought, "you would have the pleasure of beginning all aver again with another greenhorn who was anxious to learn and leave. I am acquainted with the genus servant, and you are not."

"But there would be no surer way of adding to the world's health and comfort," the president remarked, musingly.

"Very true," said the professor.

"I have been persuaded for a long time," the hostess remarked, with flashing eyes and a winning smile, "that this theory like all optimistic theories, professor, is founded on ignorance. Your dinner pleaces you, therefore all women should be cooks and trainers of cooks. This is masculine logic. Now I tell you that if a woman is born a cook, she is going to cook, and teach everybody else to cook who comes within the reach of her influence, if she can. The divine right of genius comes in here, Professor Stapleton. But a woman not so inspired can no more make a cook than a person without rhythm can make a poet. Browning understood this when he summed up the things he would like to do, and could not, in his grand poem to his wife. 'I shall never,' he says

> Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues,
> Make your music that should all express me:
> So it seems. I stand on my attainment,
> This of verse alone one life allows me:
> Verse and nothing else have I to give you.

Now, of course, President Lambeth, you and the professor will say that the remark I have in store for you is exceedingly illogical, but suppose, in addition to this gift of verse, Mrs. Browning had insisted upon the poet's making her a loaf of unexceptionable brown-bread every other day?" When the laugh that greeted this question had subsided a little, the lady resumed: "Now, gentlemen, I cannot cook"—she was going to add, "and I will not," but thought better of it—"but I can beat either of you at chess. I can make my own dresses and my own hats, and that's more than Fanny can do; and I can play you asleep with sonatas, and on a pinch I can embroider your hosiery."

"You forget one other accomplishment that you possess," said her husband, who was never more entertained than when listening to her sallies.

"Do not believe it, professor," the guest remarked laughingly. "She understands its value only too well."

This conversation was duly reported to the cook, whose keen enjoyment of the fun was very grateful to her friends.

"Frances, I have forestalled that husband of mine," Mrs. Stapleton remarked. "He knows now that it is as much as his life is worth for him to tell me that he wishes I would learn to cook."

Miss Lyman's smile deepened, and she turned away to hide it. In the professor's frequent visits to the kitchen, he had never omitted to say that he did wish his wife would learn to prepare some of these dishes, and she was confident that this much-dreaded remark was only postponed.

On the last morning of the president's sray, whether with "malice prepense" or by accident, he entered the kitchen garden and strolled along till he reached the kitchen door. The cook, arrayed in a long white apron, and a tasteful cap which enhanced rather than concealed the beauty of her calm, regular features, stood looking out upon the charming view. She had just completed her preparations for dessert, and held in her hand a volume of Taine's Ideal in Art. She heard no approaching footsteps until she was suddenly confronted by the dignified figure of the college president. It was too late to run, and so the cook bravely stood her ground, keeping her head averted so as not to be obliged to meet the gentleman's glance. He drew a step nearer.

"Am I mistaken," he began, going at once to the very heart of the subject that had become so interesting to him, "In supposing that this is Fanny, the cook, to whom I am under such a load of obligations?"

President Lambeth was somewhat near-sighted, and as he spoke he adjusted his myopian glasses and surveyed his companion. The result of this examination was a singular embarrassment, most amusing to the cook.

"I must have made a mistake," he added, while his delicate, gentlemanly face flushed painfully. "I am sure I have."

"Only in one way," Miss Lyman replied, serenely. "I am Fanny, the cook, but you are not under the slightest obligation to me."

Taine's Ideal in Art. The book was so held that the gentleman could easily read these words, and his eyes seemed glued to the volume. No true woman could fail to enjoy such a condition of affairs.

"It has all been very odd from the beginning," said the president, with a curious smile, which looked as if it might break into a fit of hysterical laughter with a little more provocation—"I may say, very odd indeed."

"Do you have reference to the mush, President Lambeth?" Miss Lyman inquired, demurely. "I hope there was nothing idiosyncratic about that?"

The président removed his glasses, drew his hand across his eyes, shaded his mouth a little to hide the mirthful puckers that hedged it about, as a frame around a picture, and then, positively unable to control himself another instant, burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which the cook was fain to join.

"It was idiosyncratic," he replied at last, "and I was hoping that as you were only here temporarily, I might induce you to keep on making mush for me—idiosyncratic mush;" and here the president, quite shorn of his college dignity, burst out laughing again.

"You have shown excellent taste about mush, president," Miss Lyman went on to say. "I induced Mrs. Stapleton to bring some middlings up with her. Don't forget, sir, that the mush which you preferred was made from middlings."

"And yet it never could be called middling mush," the gentleman responded, and execrable pun though it was, both mush-maker and mush partaker seemed pleased with it.

Just before the midday meal the original cook returned, and Frances Lyman, teacher of the higher mathematics in —— college, faultlessly arrayed, her sunny face sunnier than ever, was formally presented to President Lambeth, of another college. It was a brilliant and long-to-be-remembered occasion.

"Frances," said Mrs. Stapleton, "President Lambeth told my husband in confidence that he was prepared to offer you $25 a month."

"Unexceptionable wages," said Miss Lyman, with only a slight heightening of color. "If I am ever dismissed from college, president, I will certainly call upon you for a reference."

But the climax of fun was reached when the professor suddenly struck an attitude, and addressed his wife after this fashion: "And now, my child, I do hope that when we get back to town you will ask Frances to teach you how to make some of these nice things."

For a single moment—probably for the first time in her life—Mrs. Stapleton was speechless. "I have cherished a viper," she said at last. "I have given up my kitchen to the despoiler of my happiness. But Ross Stapleton, I promised to box your ears if you ever uttered those words; and when we are alone I will do it."

These incidents occurred over a year ago, and Frances is still teaching the higher mathematics; but report says that she intends to accept another position soon, where she can work and minister to her heart's content. This state of affairs is pronounced by Mrs. Stapleton to be the "mushiest" engagement on record."

Impurity in Wine.

"There is a good deal of talk about the impurity of the wines imported into this country. Is it really true that they are nearly all 'doctored?"

"So far true that it's almost impossible to get a pure imported wine of any kind. In fact, they have carried adulteration so far, especially in France, that the people of this country are fast dropping imported wines and using the native vintage instead. Our native wines are so cheap that it wouldn't pay to adulterate them. Flat? Not a bit of it. They have the pure flavor of the grape and that may be an unusual flavor to palates that are used to the 'doctored' imported stuff. Why, nearly all the wines imported from France are American wines manipulated by French houses and sent back here to be sold at enormous prices. The French are the most expert 'wine doctors' in the world. Hon. E. Joy Morris once told me that when he was United States Minister to Turkey he was invited on a certain occasion to inspect a large wine rectifying establishment, at Cette, France. Cette is a little seaport town, miles away from the vine-growing districts, and yet it is famous for its wine-making houses. The manager asked Mr. Morris what brand of wine he would like, his object being to show how speedily and successfully he could make and produce it. Mr. Morris asked for Veuve Clicquot and in ten minutes a bottle was placed before him containing so perfect an imitation of the famous champagne that he confessed his inability to tell the difference. It had been manufactured under his very eyes and grape juice had a very small part in the operation.

"That's the sort of stuff the people of this country pay big prices for, when they could buy absolutely pure native wine for less than one half the money. The day isn't far off when imported wines will be entirely supplanted by native makes—and when that's done, it's likely somebody over here will find a way to adulterate our own wines profitably. They haven't found it yet—it will come of course, for it's an age of adulteration and wines can hardly escape.'

Cities in the Moon.

Dr. Blandman claims to have discovered evidences that the moon is inhabited. A statement of the chemical means used to get at this information has been published, but is too elaborate to be given here. The scientific world regards the story as a hoax—an imitation, in fact, of the yarn gotten up by Adam Locke, and published in New York some thirty-five years ago. It is known, with almost absolute certainty, that there is no life on the moon, as it is without moisture and has no atmosphere. In times past, ingenious story-tellers have given accounts of the moon and its inhabitants. A writer named North, some years ago, evolved a plausible theory on this matter.—He said a photograph of the moon would reveal all the hidden secrets of its surface, if properly taken and manipulated. The photograph, he alleged, could in time be made to yield the secrets of moon and stars, for it undoubtedly reproduces everything on their surface. Our eyes and instruments are imperfect, but these defects may be overcome by the progress of science. And there may really be something in this theory.

* * *

A large mass of error is easily emblamed and perpetuated by a little truth.

Prolonging Life.

As far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention on the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used.

Instead of saying "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days it was the custom to take at least two emetics during each month Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

Ficinus, in his "Treatise on the Prolongation of Life," recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avert any danger which might threaten them.

During the year 1740 an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled. "The Prolongation of Life," in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods.

According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus, no doubt, it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets,

These absurd conceits were at a later day revived by Cagliostro. It would, indeed, appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and imposters were, the greater was their success.

The example of the great Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth in that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably.

He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given.

Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII., of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by the aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame being continually consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened.

With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing by friction. Tranquility of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption.

Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically—first, by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

The plan of "hardening"—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer obtained at one time numerous followers.

When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity.

Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the "hardening school." Like most enthusists, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial.

Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents—namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep.

One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health.

Wages of Servants.

In 1870 there were 1,075,000 domestic servants in the country; at this time there are undoubtedly at least 1,200,000. The wages of servant girls in Liverpool average $6.68 a month; in Marseilles $6.75; in Chicago $14. Wages of cooks in Liverpool average $9; in Chicago $20. The consular report indicates that the average paid to all servants of this class in England is about $7.84; in France about $6.27; and in this country, while the wages are somewhat lower than at Chicago or in other large cities, the average is at least $15. If we suppose that there are now 1,200,000 employed in this country, their wages are about $216,000,000. At the English rate of wages these same people would earn about $113,000,000. At the French rate of wages these same people would earn about $90,000,000.

* * *

Gratitude and hope should make us faithful and fruitful.

"I leave nothing behind me," observed the American financier, jocularly, at his Montreal hotel, as he inverted his wine glass.

"Except your debts," facetiously remarked his neighbor.

"Oh, those are nothing to me."

The Woman Farmer.

"Yes, my husband has been dead 15 years," said an old lady to your correspondent, "and I have run the farm ever since myself, and, in fact, I have had the whole care of it for 21 years, for within a year of our marriage, my husband had a stroke of paralysis that left one side entirely useless, and it is over a score of years since we moved here."

It was an old lady of Kennebec county, Me., who made the above statement and she seemed to see nothing remarkable about the fact that she, entirely unaided, should be running a farm of sixty acres, in spite of her three score years and ten.

"Do you do the whole work yourself?"

"Yes, almost all," she replied. "I never hire by the month, but in the busiest season I hire a man to help by the day in haying and such work."

"Do you take care of your stock yourself?"

"Oh, yes; but I have not as much stock as I had formerly, having sold many, including as fine a stock bull as they had in the county."

"Do you take the daily papers?"

"No, I can find all the lies I want to in the ordinary story and religious papers, without pestering my head with fresh ones made up every day."

"Are you not lonely in the winter?" asked the reporter. "I notice your house is off the main road and you must find it hard getting down in the village."

"Yes, you are right there," responded the old but energetic lady." "Sometimes I can't get out for five or six weeks unless my neighbors take the trouble to come and shovel me out; but I don't mind much, and manage to get through all right. Howsomever, I don't see anything much about this; but there is a funny idea about you newspaper fellers, and people seem to take anything they see in print for gospel. For instance, I knew two neighbors who was always fighting about the way to cultivate a field, and they both declared the other was a fool. Finally one of them got his notions printed in a farming paper and the other feller saw the piece, and not knowing whose ideas they was he thought he had learned something and went home and followed the advice of the man he had called a fool, just because he saw it in print. Don't you want to come to see the farm? It don't amount to anything, though," she added.

The writer walked out to the door, and the first thing that attracted his attention was a tombstone in front of the piazza. He was about to ask if it was erected in this certainly unusual spot at the particular request of some near and dear relative, when he noticed that a ring was passed through the top of the marble stone and that it served the purpose of an ordinary hitching post Therefore he forbore lest he should touch on a forbidden topic, and even the broadest hints did not elicit any information on the subject of the sepulchral horse fastener. Everything about the farm, to use a localism, was in apple-pie order, just as one might find the farm of an old farmer, with able-bodied sons to help him.

Harvest of the Year.

January is a busy time in New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Uruguay, and sees harvest ended in Australia and Central South America.

February sees harvest time begin in Upper Egypt and India and continue until April.

March is the time of harvest in lower Egypt, the Barbary states, Arabia, Cabul and Indo-China.

In April the sickle is gleaming in the harvest fields of Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, the Ionian Isles and Mexico.

May enlarges the number and sees oil, wine and corn harvested in Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily and Morocco; in Texas, Florida, China and Japan, harvesting begins.

June sees the harvest gathered in Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Danubian Provinces, California, Kentucky, Kansas, Virginia and the Carolinas.

In July the harvesting begins in New England, the northern middle States, Upper Canada, and the northern line of States from Ohio to Oregon, the middle and southern English countries, France, Germany, Austria, Northern Italy, Hungary, Poland and Switzerland.

August sees the ingathering in the rest of the England, the Netherlands, Denmark, Central Russia, Manitoba and Lower Canada.

September is the harvest month in Scotland, Scandinavian and Northern Russia; in France buckwheat is harvested, the corn in New England and the middle English countries. In October, wheat, oats and barley are gathered in Scotland and Sweden, and apples and pumpkins in the northern States.

November rules Peru and Brazil, South Africa and North Australia.

December calls forth the husbandman to harvest in Chili, the Argentine Republic and South Australia.

"Old Gal."

On All-Hallow Eve, a man named Powers took advantage of the general hilarty and the time-honored custom, to belabor an old woman, seventy-six years of age, on Madison avenue, New York, with a bag of flour. Her cries attracted the attention of a policeman, and Powers was locked up.

He was tried next day for assult. The old woman was determined that the law should take its course, and refused to have the case dismissed.

"Do you feel any bad effect from the blow?" asked the prisoner's lawyer.

"None at all," was the reply.

"Did the flour injure your clothes?"

"No."

"I am satisfied, madame, that the prisoner did not intend to injure you. Your clothes suffered no damages, and he apologized as soon as he saw you were angry, so I think you should consent to have the case dismissed."

"Never! When he hit me with the bag of flour he said: 'Hello, *old* gal!'"

—The new missionary vessel, Morning Star, sailed for Honolulu recently.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

CENTRE HALL, PA., Dec., 24, 1884.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

1884. — 1885.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

——THE "SUPPLY DEPOT,"——

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

In HOLIDAY ATTIRE, will repay a visit.

COME Early and Avoid the Rush.

G. R. SPIGELMYER.

December 15, '84.

For the Holidays at Garmans.

Artistic Stamping, at low prices, and during Dec. all handkerchiefs bought of us will be stamped free of charge. Plush Petals for making flowers in relief as used in decorative art needle work. All the materials used for Embroidery and fancy work, Tinsel Cord, Chenille, Arasene, fine Coin Purses, Toilet sets in Russia Leather and Plush Bronze goods, now just the thing for presents. Ash Receivers, Bronze Placques, Mirrors, etc. In Zephyrs and yarns we carry a magnificent line. In Seal Caps, for men and boys, our line is large. In Handkerchiefs we start at 3 cents; most popular linen will sell at 12½ cents; Ladies' colored border usual price, 25 cents. We only ask you to call and we are positive you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

Bargains in linens—Garmans. 10

Call to see our bargains in velvets—Garmans. 10

——A nice assortment of mustache cups at Wolfs.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

——Oranges and lemons, new dried fruit, first quality, at Wolfs.

Our stamping department is a success in every particular—Garmans. 10

Plushes, felts, etc.—Garmans. 10

Zephyrs and Saxony—Garmans. 10

Instructions given in arasene and chenille embroidering—Garmans. 10

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

Choice candy, nuts and fruits for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

——A new laundry firm will open at Bellefonte with the beginning of 1885.

You will find our prices on curtain poles to be the very lowest—Garmans. 10

Fancy cups and saucers, Majolica and queensware, selling cheap—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

Finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Centre county, now opened at the BeeHive.

All handkerchiefs bought at the Bee Hive, one price stores, until January 1. stamped fee of charge.

——Fine vases and other fancy goods of the finest quality, at Zellers' drug store for the holidays. 2

——Next Sabbath morning Rev. W. K. Foster will administer the Lord's Supper in the Centre Hill church.

Large assortment of holiday goods at low prices; call and be convinced—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——A fine toilet set is the handsomest and most acceptable Christmas gift you can give. Zellers drug store has them. 2

——Daniel Weaver, living north of Penn Hall, has swapped his farm on Stoner's grist mill, near Wolf's Store.

—— Canary birds, sweetest singers, and elegant cages, at Zellers' drug store. Just the articles suited for a Christmas gift. 2

——Prutzman, our good natured shoemaker, is a crack shot. He won three gobblers at Perry Krise's Greensvalley shooting match.

——The REPORTER and the "Weekly World" can be had one year by sending us $2.50 in advance. The best bargain yet offered.

Next week there will be no paper, it being Christmas week, and the printers want to enjoy it along with the rest of humanity. We therefore beg the indulgence of our kind patrons and wish all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

——The Vanderslice heirs have a $50,000,000 plum lying in the treasury of Holland waiting for the real Vanderslices to come and take their slice. This is a larger plum than the one awaiting the Emerick heirs, who have a representative in Europe who reports prospects fair.

——Rev. W. K. Foster, Presbyterian minister of this place, preached his farewell sermon last Sabbath. He has resigned his charge here, and accepted a call from the Mifflinburg Presbyterian charge, and will enter upon his duties in that place, Sunday, Jan'y 4. We regret to have Mr. Foster leave here; he was held in high esteem as a minister of the Gospel, and faithful in the discharge of his sacred duties. The Mifflinburg Presbyterians can feel assured that they have chosen wisely—Mr. and Mrs. Foster will prove themselves worthy of their utmost confidence and esteem.

TO THE PUBLIC.

CENTRE HALL, Dec. 23, 1884.

In this issue of the REPORTER, being the last one in the old year, we beg to offer to all our friends Holiday greetings.

During the year past we have striven to please you and give you good bargains, and think we have succeeded. It is always our aim to do the best possible for you, hence we try to keep no goods that we can not confidently recommend or guarantee.

We have still on hand a fine collection of Christmas goods as well as a full line of staples of first quality at lowest possible prices.

During the year to come we hope to still further merit your trade, and hope you will appreciate our efforts in that direction and give us a fair trial. Bring your complaints to us before you condemn and we shall cheerfully hear and profit by them.

Wishing you all a very merry Holiday season we remain,

Your obedient servants,
WM. WOLF & SON.

——A double wedding occurred at the residence of James Hanna, in Georges Valley, on 18. The happy couples were Wm. Snyder, of Centre Hall and Esther M. Hershberger, daughter of Mrs. Hanna by a former marriage; and Joseph F. Palmer, of Spring Mills, and Abbie S. Hanna. Rev. W. E. Fischer performed the ceremony.

——Saturday night last there were about two inches of snow and sleet, which improved sleighing. Sunday night and Monday there was rain.

——Builders and mechanics will find a chance to put in bids for the new Lutheran church at Centre Hall. See adv. in another column.

——Persons who want a job at digging see adv. in another column.

——Tuesday clear but quite cold and sleighing good.

——Read adv. of S. Stover's sale in another column.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Chtistmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

——The corner-stone of the burned Lutheran church of this place was lifted from its bed in the wall, one day last week, and the tin box opened. All the contents, books, documents in writing, "Reporters" and "Luth. Observers," were found well preserved, and showed no signs of haying gone through a fire.

——The foundry owned and operated by John Mattern, at Matternville, this county, was burned on Friday night, 12, at 12 o'clock with all its contents. It is supposed that the fire originated from sparks from castings which lodged in the building. The loss is between $700 and $800. There was no insurance. All employes will be temporarily out of work.

——A further reduction in the price of ready-made clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, so as to enable the poorest to get a good suit for the holidays. Men's and boy's suits of all styles and prices, and far cheaper than sold at any other place. Lewins & Co, never ask prices that leave room to complain of. This is a fact.

——About 5 o'clock Thursday evening, 11, the tobocco shed of Michael Throne, in Wayne township, Clinton county, was destroyed by fire. It was about [illegible]x70 feet and contained 17 cases of old tabacco, four cases of last year's crop, 4000 shingles, 2000 feet of lumber, 5000 lath, wagon, buggy, two plows, cultivator, tobacco press and all the field scaffolding. How the fire originated is a mystery. The property was insured but only for a small sum.—Lock Haven *Democrat*.

——With the close of 1884 do at least one thing that you will not be sorry for. This bids fair to be a cold winter; now make yourself comfortable by purchasing one of those warm overcoats you hear so much about as being sold so wonderfully cheap at the Philad. Branch. They keep all styles of overcoats for men and boys, and a big bargain offered, which is a saving of from $5 to $12 compared with the prices at any other store. Lewins & Co. always keep ahead for good stock and low prices.

——Many of the Huntingdon county farmers attribute some of the diseases of cattle, horses and hogs, to the use of commercial fertilizers, such as bone phosphates and other patent manures. It is also claimed that these artificial substitutes are injurious to the health of human beings, and for the reasons stated, it has been decided to discard the use of these modern mixtures, so far as Huntingdon county is concerned, and fall back on primitive manures—clover, lime and the barn-yard product.

Fertilizers have been largely used in Centre county, still we have as yet not had much trouble from hog sickness.

——Congress always manages to adjourn over the holiday season and then every member and senator is seen to make a strait coat tail for Bellefonte, having heard that the Philad. Branch sells suits so cheap, and then when congress meets again, every member appears in his seat dressed up in fine style in clothing purchased of Lewins & Co. Congressmen are always extravagant when dealing with the public funds, but when one of 'em needs a good suit he goes where he is sure to save money, any the Philad. Branch is the place to bud men's and boys' suits cheaper than elsewhere. Go and see stock and examine prices. One price for all, whether senator, congressman, doctor, preacher, lawyer, or farmer.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.50, you can have the two by sending us the $2.50 in advance and a new name with $2.50, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

Low prices and good goods in great demand. You cannot do better than at Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

——Have your picture taken before it is too late; remain but a short time. H. Callin.

——There is a big bustle around the Bush house. The crowd is waiting to get into Sechler's grocery for a supply of the fresh family groceries received especially for the holiday season. Every family wants something nice for the table, hence the rush to Sechler's, which always keeps No. 1 groceries, fresh and pure. There is not a better grocery in this state than just Sechler's.

——By clubbing with the REPORTER you get the "New York Weekly World' and the REPORTER for $2.50 per year. The best bargain ever offered to new subscribers and old ones who pay in advance. The terms apply to any new names sent in by one of our present patrons. tf

——Give Mingle's shoe store a call if you need boots, shoes or rubbers. You find every style there and none but genuine goods.

The three outlets of disease are the bowels, skin and kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen, Mich.: Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatism.

An old and a new subscriber to the Reporter can get the New York Weekly World, each one year, for $2.50 sent us in advance. A great bargain. tf

Fancy groceries for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 36 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank-frame House, Bank Barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water. Adjoins the VanValzah farm 1½ m. west of Centre Hall. 17dec6t WM. HORNER.

Diptheria prevails to an alarming extent in the eastern and southern parts of Huntingdon county and in a large proportion of cases proves fatal. A disease is also prevailing among horses and cattle in the same localities and but very few of those attacked survive. The hog cholera is less destructive than it was two months ago, because the swine that had not been taken off by it were killed early in the season to prevent their death by sickness.

——Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co., the enterprising firm at Coburn, make themselves felt be dealing honorably with all. In this issue their advertisement, which is full of interest on account of the new system they are about introducing, may be perused with interest.

——Life's busy scenes will soon be o'er, and friends so dear will pass away, the substance we can see no more, secure your picture while you may. Mr. C. H. Callin has erected a photograph gallery at Centre Hall, and is prepared to furnish anything in the line of tin-types, photographs, etc., at cheapest prices.

MARRIED.

On 17, by Rev. W. H. Groh, James W. Swabb and Miss Maggie E. Rupp, both of Linden Hall.

At the residence of Michael J. Decker, Georges Valley, on Dec. 23, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Wm. O. Rearick and Barbara Decker.

DIED.

At Snydertown, on 5, Mrs. Mary A. Swartz, aged 56 years, 8 months, 11 days.

Near Boalsburg, on 9, Mr. George Fortney, aged 59 years, 11 months, 15 days.

On Dec. 5, in Gregg twp., Catharine, wife of Samuel Stover, aged 58 years, 2 months, 18 days.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 25c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 50c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 28c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to [illegible] fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 75
White & Mixed	72
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

Our stamping department is overrun with work, reason why: first-class work at very low prices—Garmans. 10

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY!

A FINE AND COSTLY DOLL, large and pretty as a real baby, to be chanced for, between now and New Years, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

..........o..........

Cedars, Bellefonte, have just unpacked the finest Toys for boys and girls ever brought to Bellefonte. If you want something to please the little ones during the holidays, go to Cedars for it, by all means.

..........o..........

CONFECTIONERIES for the Holidays, of all grades, from the finest to the lowest, qualities, the sweetest and largest lot ever brought to this county, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

..........o..........

Nuts of all kinds and from every land, for the Holidays, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

GO TO CEDARS if you want to buy a nice Christmas gift, in the line of Toys, Fine Candies, Nuts—they have an immense stock for the Holidays, and it will pay just to call and see the pretty and good things they have.

..........o..........

Do you want to take a chance in a drawing for the prettiest DOLL you ever saw? go to Cedars, 25 cts. a chance.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

THE ILLINOIS SENATORSHIP.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—A Washington special says: A dispatch was received here to-day announcing the very serious and possible fatal illness of State Senator Gillham, a democrat, in Illinois. The friends of Mr. Gillham are apprehensive that even if he shall recover he will not possibly be able to take his seat before the vote will have been taken for United States Senator. The republicans who have been consulted on the subject express the opinion that the republicans of the legislature under the circumstances would not consent to pair with Mr. Gillham, and that in the contest for the senatorship each party will have to abide the fate of the war.

REDUCED RATES TO THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS, VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition opened at New Orleans, La., December 16, '84, and will continue until May 31, '85.

The success of this great show is now assured, and the vastness of its extent, the variety of the interests involved, and the wide field from which its features are drawn, it will exceed in magnitude anything of its kind ever held in this country. Besides a full representation of the limitless industries and the unbounded resources of every State of the Union, every country of the world will display something of its resources, its art, or its handiwork. The collection of international exhibits will be complete, and that, in connection with all the richness of America, will form an epitome of the advance of civilization as perfect as it is unique. Agriculture, mechanics, science, art, commerce, trade, and every branch of human industry will make a part of the great fair.

Its location at one of the formost commercial cities of the South, as well as one of the most attractive, fitted in every way for the entertainment of a great gathering of people, lends added interest to the enterprise. The winter season at New Orleans is the most delightful portion of the year, and the inhabitant of the severer climate of the North would find a most grateful change in the geniality of Southern winter. Accommodations will be ample, ranging in expense from the comfortable room of the visitor of limited means to the luxurious apartments of the wealthy. It will be a winter vacation where one may find not only health and pleasure, but profit and instruction.

For the benefit of the large number of visitors who will be attracted thither, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has placed on sale at all the principal stations of its system excursion tickets to New Orleans, good to return until May 31, '85. In consideration of the reduced rate at which the tickets are sold they are subject to certain conditions as to limitation of trips going and returning. These conditions are simple and will be explained in detail by agents. The tickets are of two classes: Those covering the same route in both directions, and those covering one route going and a different route returning. The round trip rate of tickets going and returning the the same route from Tyrone to New Orleans is $40, and going by any one route and returning another, $47.65.

! Holiday Presents !

Roller Skates,
Cheap Ice Skates,
MOUTH HARMONICAS,
VIOLINS, — BANJOS,
ACCORDIONS,
—— MUSICAL STRINGS, ——
PLAYING CARDS, REVOLVERS,
RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS,
ALSO A FEW FINE GERMAN
Singing Canaries,
AT THE
"GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS,"
Water St., Bellefonte, Pa.,
THEO. DESHNER,
dec24 Proprietor.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, in Gregg twp., about 5 miles east of Centre Hall, on Thursday, January 8, '85: One horse, 5 shoats, 3 cows, sleigh, harness, buggy, 2 10-plate stoves, iron kettles, copper kettle, sink, cupboard, doughtray, lard press, sausage stuffer, chopper machine, meat vessels, a lot of carpenter tools, shoemaker tools, 3 beds and bedding, 2 tables, dishes, tubs, cabbage, lot of carpet, 2 sets of chairs, 3 rocking chairs, cider barrels, apple butter, and other household articles. Sale at 10 p. m. Sam'l Leitzel, Auct. SAMUEL STOVER.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—Estate of Jacob Smith, late of Potter twp., dec'd, by virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, there will be sold at the Court House, in Bellefonte, on SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885, at 2 p. m., a tract of land situate in Potter twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone heap, thence by lands formerly of J. Moran south 33¾° east 55 perches to stones, thence by lands of John Neff north 55¼° east 54¾ perches to stones, thence by residue of tract north 33¼° west 54¾ perches to a chestnut oak, thence by mountain south 55¼° west 51¾ perches to the place of beginning, containing 18 ACRES and 4 perches and a special allowance of three per cent. for roads. The improvements are a good frame House, Stable and other outbuildings.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year, and the balance in two years. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and to bear interest from the date of confirmation of sale. C. DALE, Jr., Administrator.

TO BUILDERS.

PROPOSALS for the building of the Lutheran Church to be erected at Centre Hall, will be received by the Building Committee. The building is to be brick and slated. Plans and specifications can be seen after January 5, 1885, by any desiring to put in bids.

FRED. KURTZ, Ch'm'n.
M. Derstine, Jno. T. Lee, John Spangler,
Jas. Alexander, *B. Committee*.

Proposals for digging 100 to 200 rods of ditch, 3 feet deep, for the Centre Hall Water Co. will be received up to February 1st, 1885. For specifications apply to the Board. FRED. KURTZ,
WM. WOLF, Sec'y. President.

NOTICE.

Mary Seitzinger by her next friend Jared H. Condo vs. Franklin Seitzinger,	In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. Subpoena in Divorce No. 2, Apr. T., '84, No. 40 Aug T., '84.

The undersigned a Commissioner appointed by said court to take the testimony in the above case will attend to the duties of his appointment at the residence of A. G. Runk, at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., on Friday, January [illegible], 1885, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend.

S. J. HERRING, Commissioner.

24dec4t

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., of Centre County, Pa.—Centre Hall, Dec. 19, 1884.—The annual meeting of the members and the election of 12 Directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year, will be held at the house of D. J. Meyer, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 12, 1885, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members are requested to attend.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. FRED'K KURTZ, Pres't.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A Strictly Cash Store where goods are bought and sold for Cash.

We do not think it necessary to recall to the minds of the people the instances under our own observation in which business men have been ruined by the credit system, but ask you frankly whether it is not the cause of embarrassing so many business men of to-day. Believing you admit it we desire to impress you with the fact that on and after

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system, even now, will be advantageous to the public; those to ourselves as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for this loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one-third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated Sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' Coffee at 16c, best home made flour, $1.10 per sack; Lewisburg roller flour, $1.40; A syrup, 38c per gallon; Appleton A muslin 7c per yard; dress-goods 7c; best prints 6c; cheap prints 3c, &c., &c.

Rroduce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

Dinges, Trumpfheller & Co.,
dec24 COBURN, PENN'a.

FROM NEBRASKA.

SHELL CREEK, Neb., Dec, 13.

ED. REPORTER:—Some of your readers wish to read about the west. Nebraska is a good, thrifty, enterprising country; healthy climate and well watered. I left Centre county in '66, and would not go back to live. It never was as healthy, nor never will be as Neb. Spine fever, brain fever, typhoid fever, or any other fevers, we don't have. We have plenty of rain, yet it does not delay the putting in of crops. It generally rains the most during the nights, by nine or ten o'clock, and your fields are ready to work the next day. The crops are good, for my part I would not wish for better. One-third of the grain we raise is the rent—all the hay to renters. Saturday, 13, we had the first snow storm—two inches of snow; to-day it is nice and warm. I have been in Neb. since '75, and seen but three winters that we had sledding, and those were the last three winters, from 1 to 3 weeks. In some parts good sledding. North winds during the winter are cold, and last from one to three days. When we have south winds it is warm enough to work in shirt sleeves. Messrs. Becker & Welsh are feeding 150 steers and 70 hogs, their custom work in the mill averages from 175 to 300 bu. of wheat, besides feed grinding. Toll for grinding wheat is ⅛ bu., for meal ⅙. One of your readers, Mr. John G. Dubbs, of Zion, Centre county, Pa., partly fears Neb. He should have been in Neb. in '76, in August, when the grass-hoppers left the sand hills and strayed thro' this section; they were as thick in the sky as snow flakes in the air; the sun was darkened by clouds of them; the corn fields looked gray, the ears like a bee swarm on the limb of a tree. In two days corn stocks were like bean poles, with a little nubbin on. These grass-hoppers are 2 inches long. If some of your old readers had been here they would have had reason to fear. The hoppers pulled up my onions for the last spear of the roots. My cousin who left Bellefente in '73 for the far west near Atchison, Kas., found every thing new and wild, and says in a letter, "sweet, sweet home; I wish I was at home; I would never leave my home again." I don't wish to make any bad feelings over their old home for I know a number of them should like to talk in place of writting to me, but your readers can have correspondence with me by taking the REPORTER through which paper I will answer their letters. Plenty of farms can be bought, and some of them cheap, and better land than yours, clear of stumps. If any have an idea of buying farms I can locate good ones for the price of them. Here are prices of grain: Wheat 40 to 45 cents, oats 15 to 18, corn in ears 15, shelled 16, rye 20 to 30, barley 25 to 30, flax seed 90 to $1. Hogs on foot $3.55, beef cattle $3.50 to $5.50, stone coal per ton $3½, Rock Spring coal $6½, screenings $6, carbon $6, hard coal $6, Illinois coal $7½. X.

SOMETHING

more or less than five or six thousand different liver pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you can get your money back. Sold by J. D. Murray.

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The St. Johns Home, at Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire on 18th and 23 children perished in the flames.

——Now is the time to have your picture taken. Particular attention given to small children, babies taken on the jump. H. Callin.

The January number of the North American Review is an excellent one. It presents no very famous names among its contributors, but it offers a wide variety of unusual readable articles. We are now so safely over the crisis of the presidential election that men of all parties can consider calmly Bishop Huntington's essay on "Vituperation in Politics," and it is to be hoped that what they may learn from it will not be forgotten four years hence. Under the title, "The Reunited South," Henry Watterson presents with great clearness the Southern and Democratic view of the political situation as it now stands. This also is extremely interesting to every citizen, whether he agrees with Mr. Watterson or not. Another question of universal concern, which some think will soon make itself a national issue, is that of labor and its compensation; and Col. Hinton, in "American Labor Organizations," shows with what equipment it will take the field. But the article that the literary reader will first turn to is Frederic Harrison's brilliant and incisive discussion of "Froude's Life of Carlyle;" while the religious or philosophical reader will find in Courtney's "Socrates, Buddah and Christ," specific statements and quotations of those parallel doctrines that are so often vaguely alluded to. For the scientific reader, Mr. Proctor discusses learnedly "Herschel's Star Surveys," and Prof. Le Conte presents and explains some curious facts in relation to "The Evidence of the Senses." Mr. Mulhall's paper on "The Increase of Wealth" is a successful endeavor to render large masses of figures popularly intelligible.

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